

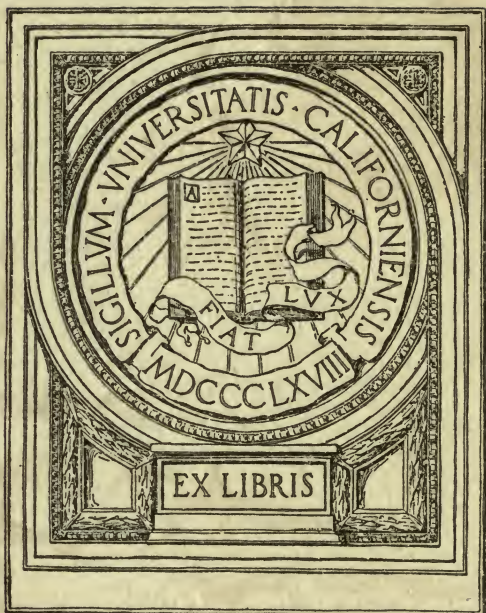
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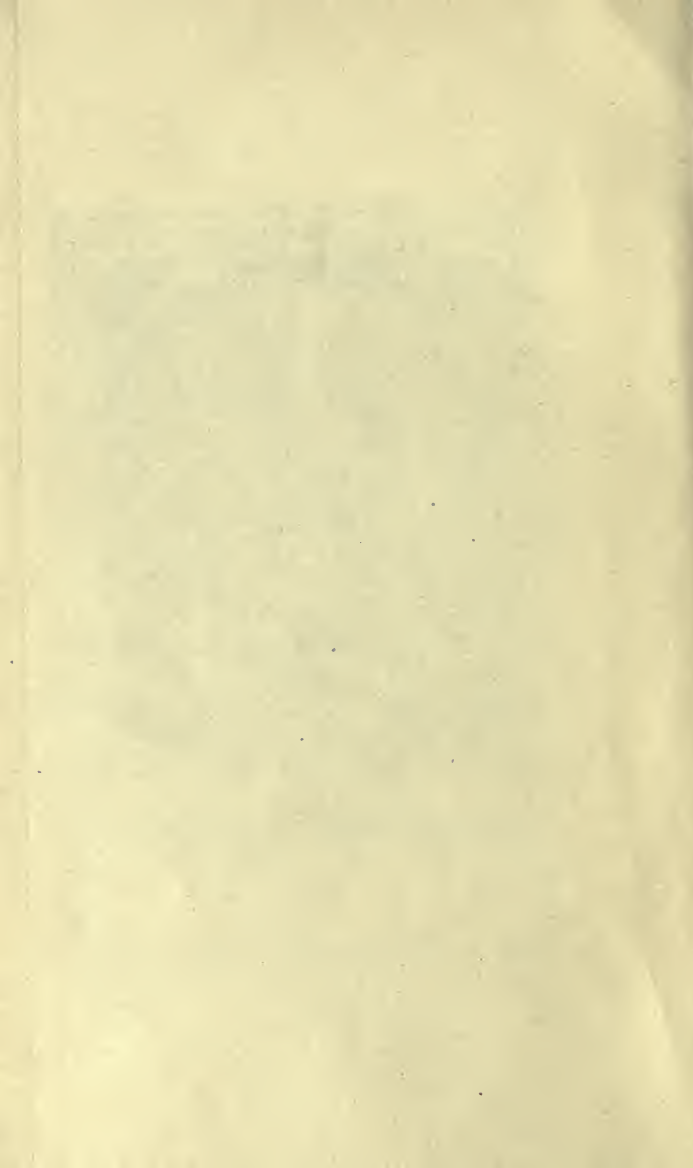
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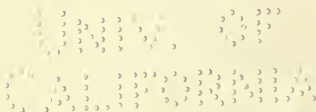


POETS OF OUR DAY

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EDITED BY

N. G. ROYDE-SMITH



METHUEN & CO.

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WARTS OF OUR DAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WARTS OF OUR DAY"

First Published in 1908

THE
WARTS OF OUR DAY
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WARTS OF OUR DAY"

THE WARTS OF OUR DAY
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WARTS OF OUR DAY"

To
GRAHAM
WHO SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES

274066



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NOTE

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The short bibliographical note at the beginning of each selection is only comprehensive in the rare cases where the poet has been able to publish his collected works, and in no case includes his prose writing.

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INTRODUCTION

THERE was a time when it was thought indelicate to include a writer in an anthology during his lifetime ; but at the present moment fashion sets the other way, and this small book contains a selection from the work of fifty living poets.¹ Some of these poets belong entirely to the twentieth century, others made their reputations before these youngsters were born ; but most of the poems included in the following pages were written within the last twenty-five years, and are therefore representative of Modern Poetry. That the representation is incomplete is due in the most important instances to difficulties of copyright, afterwards to lack of space, and in some cases to the editor's idiosyncrasy. What the omissions are it would be superfluous to indicate ; every reader will regret some of them, every reviewer will point out others ; all together they would make a handsome volume, bigger than this one, and possibly quite as interesting. For there is a great deal of modern poetry.

The poems included, therefore, are sufficiently

¹ *The death of Mr Francis Thompson happened after this book had gone to press.*

various in character to illustrate the history of poetry during the period, showing how it has been frivolous, sensuous, patriotic, simple; and, quite lately, very serious, which is by some people taken for a sign that a great poet is at hand. But we have no need to long over much for a great poet with so many real poets among us, nor to sigh for a new one when we remember how young some of those poets are.

Within the last ten years we have had the contributors to Mr Elkin Matthews' Shilling Garland, who established a new tradition of English poetry, just as their immediate predecessors, the members of the Rhymers' Club, represented the Irish Renascence, to which so much of the best modern verse owes its inspiration; and a group of Canadian poets has sprung up to bear witness to the freshness and vigour of the New World English. Modern poets, therefore, can be divided into three groups, English, Irish, and American, and these three divisions represent three separate intellectual and literary movements.

The English writers for the most part accept the classical tradition, even when, like Mr Stephen Phillips and Mr Scawen Blunt before him, they make innovations in prosody and rhythm. They treat of great or beautiful themes in decorous verse, write idylls and lyrics and odes, and are poets more in virtue of their very finished craftsmanship than because of any great originality of

thought or gift of prophecy which they possess. The most original thing they have done is to re-discover London as a theme. Another group of English poets, including Mr Newbolt, Mr Masfield, and Mr Lysaght, has taken away the reproach from England of having never understood the sea in poetry; and Mr Noyes, who has added to the sea songs, has also recreated fairyland in verse. This attention to fairies and their concerns has always been a poet's business, and Mr Noyes has written two fairy epics, *The Forest of Wild Thyme* and *A Flower of Old Japan*, which are better than any fairy poetry since *Nymphidia*. These are too long to be quoted, and their place is taken in this collection by *The Dwarf's Tragedy*, a charming tale, but not quite so fantastic and original as the two longer poems. Another characteristic of the English poets is the excellence of their minor poetry. The introspective, autobiographical, short poem has gained a great deal from the necessity which every young poet is under nowadays of understanding the technicalities of verse. Some people complain that since poets have learned all about rhyme and metre they seem to have forgotten poetry. This is not true: poetry, and more especially the poetry of women (which is often the best minor poetry), has gained not only in appearance but in reality by this better understanding of verse-making as a craft; and there are poets who admit

as actual experience, that knowing how to say a thing is in itself an inspiration, and that form and thought are interdependent. Indeed, without fitting form there cannot be real poetry. Imagine *Paradise Lost* in prose! Read it after Dryden had obtained "leave to tag his [Milton's] verses"!

Some excellent blank-verse poems, descendants as it were of Browning's dramatic monologues, belong to this English school of poetry; one of them, Mr Quiller-Couch's *Christopher Columbus*, occupies a large place in this book. Space has also been made for another poem, longer than those usually found in an anthology, Mr Francis Thompson's *From the Night of Forebeing*, which, with Mr Sturge Moore's pictorial *Vinedresser*, illustrates the range of this division of poets.

The Irish Renaissance has given us poetry which takes the same place in English literature as the work of the nineteenth-century *symbolistes* takes in France. Indeed, the Celtic poet and the Flemish symbolist are only two manifestations of the same spirit under almost similar conditions. This can best be illustrated by comparing the two most prominent poets of each nation, Mr W. B. Yeats and M. Maurice Maeterlinck. Of the same age and belonging to races with widely differing characteristics, both these men are oppressed by and inspired with a conception of life as a game played by

strange gods who use men as pieces on a board. To Mr Yeats the treasures of Irish mythology furnish example and precept for the illustration of his view of life, whereas in M. Maeterlinck these legends are more or less replaced by the creations of his own fancy, memories, we might almost think, of some forgotten Celtic ancestor, rising from his sub-conscious mind as nameless dreams. Mr Yeats knows he is dealing with existing legends ; M. Maeterlinck fancies he is creating a new symbolism. Another point of resemblance which accounts in a measure for the impressiveness of their style is that each writer is in the possession of a mechanical means of enhancing the charm of what he has to say. Neither is writing of themes familiar to the average man, and neither writes in his mother tongue. M. Maeterlinck is Flemish, and writes of visions and destinies, of viewless phantoms and the symbolism of common things, in the language of Voltaire ; Mr Yeats is Irish, and tells his Celtic fairy tales in the Saxon tongue. The slight exotic flavour thus introduced into their work undoubtedly constitutes its appeal to a certain number of readers. We have only to compare Mr Herbert Trench's beautiful fragment, *Deirdre Wed* with any one of Mr Yeats' longer narrative poems to realise the difference between a man writing in his own tongue of a foreign legend and a man writing of his own legends in a

foreign tongue. For though Mr Trench may in some respects be an Irishman his work belongs to the English school.

When we come to the inner aspect of the Irish Revival we find in such a poet as A. E. much the same preoccupation with the life and adventures of the soul, much the same passionate quest of the secret symbol hidden in familiar things, as is seen in *Serres Chaudes* or the work of Verlaine in his penitential moods.

From Ireland, and from Scotland too, there are always coming lyrics expressing that curious association of every emotion with a home-sickness which is characteristic of all Celtic lyric verse. English poetry has very little of this element, though it is to be found in Mr Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*; but then Shropshire is a border county. Unfortunately, Mr Housman's poems are no longer accessible to the anthologist. Before passing from this group of poets, mention must be made of Mr Seumas O'Sullivan, who is bringing the outlook and methods of the Celtic Revival to his treatment of more cosmopolitan themes, and of Mr Padraic Colum, who has written some very beautiful poems of Irish peasant life.

It is quite possible that the next great poet will come from America. That continent has the advantage of possessing a nature differing in detail from that of the Old World sufficiently to provide the

poet who celebrates it with impressions not already made familiar to generations of readers, and to enrich his vocabulary with a new flora and a fresh series of similes and parables. This is not such a superficial advantage as it sounds. The deeper, philosophic effect of the variation in type and climate on literary expression has its great example in Walt Whitman, a poet whose genius admits no discussion, whatever individual taste may have to say against the form in which he wrote. It is noteworthy, however, that his mantle has descended upon a younger generation who, while free of the enlarged domain which his iconoclasm opened for them, have returned invariably to the fetters of rhyme and metre from which he thought he was breaking free. Richard Hovey, for example, one of the most promising of the younger American poets, was a follower of Whitman in his love of the untrammelled life, and yet his claim on our memory is based on one or two rhymed and measured lyrics.

An interesting interpreter of Whitman's spirit is Miss May Doney, who has inherited that poet's large and childlike delight in the possession of hands and hearts and the five senses, and expresses it with greater restraint, being an artist and a woman.

Three young American poets, Mr A. F. Brady, Mr W. V. Moody, and Mr E. A. Robinson, have aroused expectations, and were introduced to

English readers by an article in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1908. Mr Moody is a follower of Swinburne and Shelley, and has written some remarkable lyrics, as well as two dramas, containing fine choruses. Mr E. A. Robinson, in his long blank verse poem, *Captain Craig*, treats a Browningsque situation in the manner of Tennyson, and in his shorter poems shows originality and dramatic force.

The two Canadian poets, Mr Charles G. D. Roberts and Mr Duncan Campbell Scott, have the same advantages of environment, the same possibilities of taking a fresher view of the universe ; but Mr Roberts is more academic than his neighbours, more English in his susceptibility to literary influence. Mr Scott is a more individual poet, going for his inspiration to nature rather than to men or books. He delights in the sea, and describes and interprets atmospheric effect and the events of storm and sunshine. Mr Madison Cawein, a most prolific versifier, has many splendid descriptive passages. Another poet, Mr Bliss Carman, celebrates the little things of nature and

" Has communion with the grass
And conversation with the flowers."

He is in some ways the most versatile of modern American writers, having room in his poetry for nature, art, and a curious and rather obscure

mysticism which is germane to the Celtic spirit in the Irish and French symbolists.

This division into three classes leaves out one or two manifestations of the poetic spirit, which after all cannot be classified entirely in any age. For instance, one marked feature of modern poetry is the revival of interest in the poetic and romantic drama. This revival has appeared in France, Germany, Italy, everywhere during the last ten years, and is sometimes regarded as a reaction against the prose of the realists and problem students of the eighties and nineties. English, Irish, and American poets have all turned their thoughts to the stage with varying success, and some of the noblest verse of our time is to be found in plays. In a book of this kind it is impossible to do justice to so large a branch of the subject, and the dramatic work of Mr Laurence Binyon, Mr John Davidson, Mr Stephen Phillips, as well as the translations of the Greek tragedies made by Professor Murray, and the numerous Irish plays by living writers, are quite unrepresented here.

This division, though it may be made to contain almost every living poet, does not describe them all. There are some members of the Rhymers' Club who are rather French than English in their attitude and by no means to be confounded with the Irish school on that account. Mr Arthur Symonds was at one time the most accomplished

exponent of this manner of verse-making, but his latest work shows a change, which is indicated in the poem *Amends to Nature*, with which his last book opens. Lady Alfred Douglas and Mr Legge are two exponents of modern and highly civilised life whom it is not quite easy to classify with the English poets, and the Glasgow Ballad Club forms an interesting group whose title is explanatory and descriptive.

The aim of the selection of poems in this book has been to represent as fully as possible the range and extent of contemporary English poetry, and in certain cases poems have been chosen not because they were the best work of their writer, but because they were the best examples of a certain class of poem. This plan may detract from the unity of the book, but adds to its general interest, and will help those who do not already know it to understand, whatever critics in moments of surfeit and depression may write, that English poetry is still a glory to England.

POETS OF OUR DAY

ALFRED AUSTIN

The Human Tragedy, 1862. *Interludes*, 1872.
At the Gate of the Convent, 1885. *Soliloquies in
Song*, 1882. *Love's Widowhood*, 1889. *English
Lyrics*, 1890. *Lyrical Poems*, 1891. *Narrative
Poems*, 1892. *Songs of England*, 1898. *Victoria
the Wise*, 1903. *The Door of Humility*, 1906, and
several Dramatic Poems. Mr Alfred Austin's
works are all published by Messrs Macmillan.

AN APRIL LOVE

NAY, be not June, nor yet December, dear,
But April always, as I find thee now :
A constant freshness unto me be thou,
And not the ripeness that must soon be sere.
Why should I be time's dupe, and wish more dear
The sobering harvest of thy vernal vow ?
I am content, so still across thy brow
Returning smile chase transitory tear.

Then scatter thy April heart in sunny showers,
I crave not summer drouth nor winter sleet ;
As spring be fickle, so thou be as sweet ;
With half-kept promise tantalise the hours ;
And let Love's frolic hands and woodland feet
Fill high the lap of Life with wilding flowers.

A. E.

Homeward Songs by the Way, 1895 (Whally, Dublin). *The Earth Breath*, 1897 (John Lane). *By Still Waters, The Nut of Knowledge*, 1903 (Dun Emer Press). *The Divine Vision*, 1904 (Macmillan). *Poems*, 1906 (John Lane).

THE MAN TO THE ANGEL

I HAVE wept a million tears ;
Pure and proud one, where are thine ?
What the gain though all thy years
In unbroken beauty shine ?

All your beauty cannot win
Truth we learn in pain and sighs ;
You can never enter in
To the circle of the wise.

They are but the slaves of light
Who have never known the gloom,
And between the dark and light
Willed in freedom their own doom.

Think not in your pureness there
That our pain but follows sin ;

There are fires for those who dare
Seek the throne of might to win.

Pure one, from your pride refrain :
Dark and lost amid the strife
I am myriad years of pain
Nearer to the fount of life.

When defiance fierce is thrown
At the God to whom you bow,
Rest the lips of the unknown
Tenderest upon my brow.

A LEADER

THOUGH your eyes with tears were blind,
Pain upon the path you trod :
Well we knew, the hosts behind,
Voice and shining of a God.

For your darkness was our day
Signal fires, your pains untold
Lit us on our wandering way
To the mystic heart of gold.

Naught we knew of that high land,
Beauty burning in its spheres ;
Sorrow we could understand
And the mystery told in tears.

THE MOUNTAINEER

Oh, at the eagle's height
To lie i' the sweet of the sun,
While veil after veil takes flight
And God and the world are one !

Oh ! the night on the steep !
All that his eyes saw dim
Grows light in the dusky deep,
And God is alone with him.

A FAREWELL

ONLY in my deep heart I love you, sweetest
heart,
Many another vesture hath the soul, I pray
Call me not forth from this. If from the light I
part
Only with clay I cling unto the clay.

And ah ! my bright companion, you and I must go
Our ways, unfolding lonely glories, not our own,
Not from each other gathered, but an inward glow
Breathed by the Lone One to the seeker lone.

If for the heart's own sake we break the heart, we
may
When the last ruby drop dissolves in diamond
light
Meet in a deeper vesture in another day ;
Until that dawn, dear heart, good-night, good-
night.

THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL

I PITIED one whose tattered dress
Was patched and stained with dust and rain ;
He smiled on me : I could not guess
The viewless spirit's vast domain.

He said : the royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light,
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

The breath of joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it.

A MEMORY OF EARTH

IN the wet dusk silver-sweet,
Down the violet-scented ways,
As I moved with quiet feet
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew
Glassed the eve and stars and skies ;
While I gazed a madness grew
Into thundered battle-cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white,
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke
Ah what faces pale and bright
Where the dazzling battle broke !

There a hero-hearted queen
With young beauty lit the van.
Gone ! the darkness flowed between
All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom,
Where the rabbits pattered near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
With a legend carven clear :

*Time put by a myriad fates
That her day might dawn in glory,
Death made wide a million gates
So to close her tragic story.*

J. J. B.

Clyde Songs, 1906 (The Scots Pictorial
Publishing Company).

ON THE QUAY

I've never travelled for more'n a day,
I never was one to roam,
But I likes to sit on the busy quay,
Watching the ships that says to me—
"Always somebody goin' away,
Somebody gettin' home."

I likes to think that the world's so wide—
'Tis grand to be livin' there,
Takin' a part in its goin's on . . .
Ah, now, ye're laughin' at poor old John,
Talkin' o' works o' the world wi' pride
As if he was doin' his share!

But laugh if ye will! When ye're old as me
Ye'll find 'tis a rare good plan

To look at the world—an' love it too!—
Tho' never a job are ye fit to do . . .
An' 'tisn't all sorrow an' pain to see
The work o' another man.

'Tis good when the heart grows big at last,
Too big for trouble to fill—
Wi' room for the things that was only stuff
When workin' an' winnin' seemed more'n
enough—
Room for the world, the world so vast,
Wi' its peoples an' all their skill.

That's what I'm thinkin' on all the days
I'm loafin' an' smokin' here,
An' the ships do make me think the most
(Of readin' in books 'tis little I'd boast),—
But the ships they carries me long, long ways,
An' draws far places near.

I sees the things that a sailor brings,
I hears the stories he tells . . .
'Tis surely a wonderful world, indeed!
'Tis more'n the peoples can ever need!
An' I praises the Lord—to myself I sings—
For the world in which I dwells.

An' I loves the ships more every day,
Tho' I never was one to roam.
Oh, the ships is comfortin' sights to see,
An' they means a lot when they says to
me—
“Always somebody goin' away,
Somebody gettin' home.”

FOR LATTER DAYS

THE tired white sails are homing
Like doves that have flown too far,
And slowly a lone red star
Is kindling upon the quay.
I lie on the cliff in the gloaming
And hear the sob of the sea.

When pleasure is done with her foaming,
And toil is tired of his song ;
When love makes the last days long,
And the folks are gentle with me—
Give me a cliff in the gloaming
With the heartache of the sea.

For there can be no more roaming
When the East has come to the West,

When the thing that seemed worst is best,
As the strange Gods meant it to be—
Ay, give me a cliff in the gloaming
With the heartache of the sea.

SILK

A SOUND as when the leaves inquire
What wind goes thro' the summer night,
A stir of happy murmurings,
A little wave that sandward sings,
The sighing of a pure desire,
The whisper of a rare delight—
And One draws near me clad in white.

There is no dearer sound to me,
So long, so far a wanderer,
Than this sweet restful prophecy—
The sound of silk preceding her.

MAURICE BARING

The Black Prince and other Poems, 1903 (John Lane). *Sonnets and Short Poems*, 1906 (Blackwell).
Mr Baring has written several plays in verse.

DIRGE FOR A POET

I PONDER on a broken lute
The fragment of a song,
And wonder if the soul be mute,
Or if a heavenly throng
Of harmonies and mighty themes
Proclaim his interrupted dreams.

The wistful thought, the hidden fire,
The darkling prophecies,
The passion and the brave desire
That lit his startled eyes ;
Oh ! will that broken music reach
Through large fulfilment into speech,

And shall I meet him once again
 Upon the endless way?
East of the sun where gleams the plain
 That knows not night or day;
And in the calm untroubled land
Will his wild spirit understand?

Like some soft fiery cloud that soars
 At sunset o'er the snow,
He sought the pale unearthly shores
 Beyond the western glow,
And sank into the wave of night
Before he reached the crimson light.

Perchance to-morrow's western wind
 May bear to oceans dim
Mysterious clouds encarnadined
 But never one like him.
Shall Nature stop the march of spheres
Because of a few foolish tears?

Once only Nature breathes each note
 That builds the song of time:
No more across the skies will float
 That tender sunset chime
I loved; and in the eastern skies
A million morning stars arise.

HILAIRE BELLOC

Verses and Sonnets, 1896 (Ward & Downey).

THE MOON'S FUNERAL

THE Moon is dead ! I saw her die.
She in a drifting cloud was drest,
She lay along the uncertain west,
A dream to see,
And very low she spake to me :
“ I go where none may understand,
I fade into the nameless land,
And there must lie perpetually ”—
And therefore loudly, loudly I
And high
And very piteously make cry :
The Moon is dead ! I saw her die.

And will she never rise again,
The Holy Moon ? Oh, never more !
Perhaps along the inhuman shore
Where pale ghosts are,
Beyond the far Lethean fen
She and some wide infernal star—

To us who loved her never more,
The Moon will never rise again.
Oh ! never more in nightly sky
Her eye so high shall peep and pry,
To see the great world rolling by.
For why ?
The Moon is dead. I saw her die.

TO A YOUNG LADY INVITING HER
INFLUENCE UPON THE OPENING YEAR

You wear the morning like your dress,
And are with mastery crowned,
Whenas you walk, your Loveliness
Goes shining all around ;
Upon your secret, shining way
Such new content were found,
The dancing loves made Holiday
On that delightful ground.

Then summon April forth and send
Commandment through the flowers,
About our woods your grace extend
A Queen of Careless Hours.
For oh ! not Vera veil'd in rain,
Nor Dian's sacred Ring,
With all her Royal nymphs in train
Can so lead on the Spring.

HER FAITH

BECAUSE my faltering feet will fail to dare
The downward of the endless steps of Hell,
Give me the word in Time that triumphs there.
I too must go into the dreadful Hollow,
Where all our human laughter stops—and hark!
The tiny, stuffless voices of the dark
Have called me, called me till I needs must
follow.
Give me the word and I'll attempt it well.

Say it's the little winking of an eye,
Which in that issue is uncurtained quite,
A little sleep that helps a moment by
Between the thin dawn and the bare daylight.
Oh! tell me more than yet was hoped of men,
Swear that's true now, and I'll believe it then.

MARCH

THE north-east wind has come from Norroway,
Roaring he came above the white wave's tips !
The foam of the loved sea was on his lips,
And all his hair was salt with falling spray.
Over the keen light of the northern day
He cast his snow-cloud's terrible eclipse ;
Beyond our banks he suddenly struck the ships,
And left them labouring on his landward way.

The certain course that to his land belongs,
Drives him with gathering purpose and control,
Until across Vendean flats he sees
Ocean the eldest of his enemies.
Then wheels he for him, glorying in his soul,
And gives him challenge, bellowing battle-songs.

TO THE NIGHT

Most Holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep
To me, when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose,

And bid the drowsy songs of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears who wakeful lie
Soft lullaby.

Bid them that guard the Hornèd Moon
By my bedside their memories croon,
So shall I have long dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Oh ! fold thy wings about my face,
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,
And cheat me with thy false delight,
Most Holy Night.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

Poems, 1893 (Elkin Matthews). *Lyrics*, 1895.
Le Cahier Jaune, 1892. *The Professor*, 1900.
Peace and other Poems, 1905 (John Lane).

AT TAN-YR-ALLT

FEATHERY woodlands, falling, dipping
Down from the height to the river's edge ;
Voice of the rivulet, dashing, dripping,
Crevice by crevice, ledge by ledge ;
Lawns high-sloping and sunlit spaces,
Glades that glimmer from crag to plain,
Shy, unvisited secret places,
See I fall at your feet again.

Voice of summer, delaying, coming,
Thrushes piping in bush and brake,
Bees around feathery catkins humming,
Buds that slumber and fear to wake ;
Frail anemones, airy, slender,
Stars engendered, of wind and dew,

Celandines faithful, violets tender,
 Oh ! to be worthy to sing of you !

What shall we say of thee, ancient spirit,
 Cold in the starlight, hot in the sun ?
 What are the realms that are thine to inherit—
 Art thou manifold, art thou one ?
 What is thy labour, what thy leisure,
 When thou art weary of frost and fire ?
 Dost thou then for thy fitful pleasure,
 Carve the iris and scent the briar ?

Lord of nakedness, Lord of laughter,
 Thou that art secret and great and glad,
 Wilt thou still in the dark hereafter
 Smile and frolic and leave us sad ?
 When I stoop to the silent portal,
 Let me say with my latest breath,
 "Once in a moment of light, a mortal
 Breathed a challenge to Doubt and Death."

SECRETS

HOME of my heart, when wilt thou ope
 Thy silent doors to let me in ?
 What ! not one glimpse to quicken hope
 Of all that I aspire to win.

So near and yet so oft denied !
 The roses on my trellis throw,
 Their heedless scent from side to side
 Yet will not whisper what they know.

The yellow moon that hangs and peers
 Amid the icy horns on high,
 Leans to the listening earth, yet fears
 To tell the secret of the sky.

Oh, pines, that whisper in the wind,
 When lingering herds from pasture come,
 Breathe somewhat of your steadfast mind :
 The hour is yours, yet ye are dumb.

Sweet answering eyes, you too have learned
 The secret that you will not tell—
 I should have known it, but you turned
 That moment, and the lashes fell !

Home of my heart, why stand so cold
 And silent ? There is mirth within ;
 The sun sinks low ; the day is old :
 Oh, let the baffled wanderer in !

SELF

THIS is my chiefest torment, that behind
 This brave and subtle spirit, this swift brain,
 There sits and shivers in a cell of pain,
A central atom, melancholy, blind,
Which is myself: tho' when spring suns are kind,
 And sick leaves riot in the genial rain,
 I cheat him dreaming, slip by rigorous chain,
Free as a skiff before the dancing wind.

Then he awakes, and vexed that I am glad,
 In dreary malice strains some nimble chord,
 Pricks his thin claw within some tingling
 nerve:
 And all at once I falter, start, and swerve
From my true course, and fall unmanned and sad,
 Into gross darkness, tangible abhorred!

ST LUKE'S SUMMER AGAIN

A YEAR ago we walked the self-same road,
Took horse and lingered, dropped from Hedsor
Hill,
And watched the slow stream, how it welled and
flowed
Beside the timbered mill.

The stream, the very eddies seem the same,
The hanger nestles in the huge hill's fold,
The cherry-trees in croft and orchard flame,
Or flaunt in green and gold.

Peace in the valley, peace upon the height—
She leaned and beckoned from the woodways
wet ;
We dreamed that we should find her ere the night :
Say, have we found her yet ?

What have we done to win her ? We have schemed
For wealth to buy her, health to seize her charms,
Glory to tempt her, till we almost dreamed
She lay within our arms.

And yet she comes not ; like a woodland thing
She breaks in terror from her still retreat ;
The clamorous cries that up the woodland ring,
Thunder of hurrying feet,

24 ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

Have scared her, filled her with bewildered grief ;
 They that pursue her can they love her well ?
Here by the pool, thick strewn with fallen leaf,
 Her flying shadow fell.

Not in the rage of those insistent shouts,
 Nor with the flush upon excited cheeks,
Not in the throbbing of a heart that doubts
 The half of what it seeks ;—

But when we face the dull laborious day,
 Forgo the secret raptures we had planned,
Upon our burdened shoulders she will lay
 A firm and strenuous hand.

LAURENCE BINYON

Lyric Poems, 1894 (Elkin Matthews and John Lane). *London Visions*, 1896 (one of Elkin Matthews' Shilling Garland). *Odes*, 1901 (The Unicorn Press). *Penthesilia*, 1905 (Constable). *The Death of Adam*, 1904 (Methuen). *Dream come True*, 1905 (The Eragny Press). *Paris and Ænone*, 1906 (Constable). *Attila*, 1907 (John Murray).

A VISION OF RESURRECTION

THE Genius of an hour that fading day
Resigned to wide-haired Night's impending brow
Stole me apart, I knew not where or how,
And from my sense ravished the world away.
Rose in my view a visionary ground,
A rugged plain, beneath uncoloured skies.
There slowly in the midst without a sound
Upheaved a motion as of birth. I gazed,
When lo! a head, with upcast empty eyes
And semblance of dead shoulders' majesties
Whose fleshless arms a marble breast upraised.

But even as this emerged, nor yet was free,
Behold it ripen into blood and form,
The shrunk limbs round and into colour
warm,
The hair spring new, as leaves upon a tree,
And curl like small flames round the forehead
fair.

At last the eyelids open wide : it seems
A glorious-statured youth that wakens there,
Casting his eyes in wonder down, to feel
This body that with clear blood newly teems,
How perfect, yet still heavy as from dreams,
And over it the ancient beauty steal.

O lost in musing recollection sweet,
What summoning cry thine age-long slumber
stirred ?

In that profound grave has thy cold ear heard
From heaven the mailed Archangel call, whose
feet

Stand planted in the stream of stars, and whose
Time-shattering trump hath pealed to the world's
core ?

Yet still doth thy averted head refuse
To lift its eyes up : still thy spread hands
lean

On earth, while pensive thou surveyest o'er
This radiant shape that all thy sorrows bore,
Strong now as if no pain had ever been.

What thoughts begin to glide upon thy brain,
And part thy lips with sighs? Is it some fear
'Mid flattering heavenly airs approaching near
This strange unproven peace to entertain?
Musing, "O Rebel flesh, in my hard need
How often didst thou fail me! I know well
How thou didst make me suffer, toil and bleed
At once my prison and my enemy.
Dear body, I fear thee yet: dark rages dwell
Within thee: how shalt thou in peace excel?
How learn to bear perfect felicity?"

Nay, rather that fond wonder in thy look
Is wonder to have lost the thoughts that maim,
The wounds of evilly-invented shame
And fear that each sweet impulse overtook.
Now thou art free, and all thy being whole,
Perceivest in that peril-haunted earth
The fair and primal gestures of thy soul,
And knowest how all thy full completion fed,
The urging hungers, the sun-sweetened mirth;
Yea, finding even in those furies worth,
Which lacking, hardly art thou perfected.

What trees are these whose dim young branches rise
Above thee? Springing waters freshen sweet
Now tender green for thee to pace and greet
The growing of the dawn of Paradise.

Thou gazest round thee with a listening face,
Hearkening perhaps to some far-floating song
Unheard of men. Ah, go not ere thy grace,
O glorified, of me be thoroughly learned !
But as I prayed in supplication strong
The vision faded, and the world, whose wrong
Mocks holy beauty and our desire, returned.

THE LITTLE DANCERS

A LONDON VISION

LONELY save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams ; and lonely below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat ;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern window ; there to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley plays,
Two children all alone, and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks through an airy maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately : face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

YOUTH

WHEN life begins anew,
And youth, from gathering flowers,
From vague delights, rapt musings, twilight
hours,
Turns restless, seeking some great deed to do,
To sum his fostered dreams ; when that fresh
birth
Unveils the real, the thronged and spacious
earth,
And he awakes to those more ample skies,
By other aims and by new powers possessed :
How deeply then, his breast
Is filled with pangs of longing ! how his eyes
Drink in the enchanted prospect ! Fair it lies
Before him, with its plains expanding vast.
Peopled with visions, and enriched with dreams ;
Dim cities, ancient forests, winding streams,
Places resounding in the famous past,
A kingdom ready to his hand !
How like a bride Life seems to stand
In welcome, and with festal robes arrayed.
He feels her loveliness pervade
And pierce him with inexplicable sweetness ;
And, in her smiles delighting, and the fires
Of his own pulses, passionate soul !
Measures his strength by his desires,

And the wide future by their fleetness,
As his thought leaps to the long distant goal.

So eagerly across that unknown span
Of years he gazes : what, to him,
Are bounds and barriers, tales of Destiny,
Death, and the fabled impotence of man ?
Already in his marching dream,
Men, at his coming, sunlike seem
As with an inspiration stirred and he
To kindle with new thought degenerate nations,
In sordid cares immersed so long ;
Thrilled with ethereal exultations
And a victorious expectancy,
Even such as swelled the breasts of Bacchus' throng
When that triumphal burst of joy was hurled
Upon the wondering world ;
When from the storied, sacred East afar,
Down Indian gorges clothed in green,
With flower-reined tigers and with ivory car
He came, the youthful god ;
Beautiful Bacchus, ivy-crowned his hair
Blown on the wind, and flushed limbs bare,
And lips apart and radiant eyes,
And ears that caught the coming melodies,
As wave on wave of revellers swept abroad ;
Wreathed with vine-leaves, shouting, trampling
onward,
With tossing timbrel and gay tambourine.

Alas ! the disenchanting years have rolled
On hearts and minds becoming cold :
Mirth is gone from us ; and the world is old.

O bright new comer, filled with thoughts of joy,
Joy to be thine amid these pleasant plains,
Knowst thou not, child, what surely coming pains
Await thee, for that eager heart's annoy ?
Misunderstanding, disappointment, tears,
Wronged love, spoiled hope, mistrust and ageing
fears,
Eternal longing for one perfect friend,
And unavailing wishes without end ?
Thou proud and pure of spirit, how must thou
bear
To have thine infinite hates and loves confined,
Schooled and despised ? How keep unquenched
and free
'Mid others' commerce and economy.
Such ample visions oft in alien air
Tamed to the measure of the common kind ?
How hard for thee, swept on, forever hurled
From hour to hour, bewildered and forlorn,
To move with clear eyes and with steps secure,
To keep the light within, to fitly scorn
Those all too possible and easy goals
Trivial ambitions of soon-sated souls !
And, patient in thy purpose to endure
The pity and the wisdom of the world.

Vain, vain such warning to those happy ears !
Disturb not their delight ! By unkind powers
Doomed to keep pace with the relentless hours,
He too, ere long, shall feel earth's glory change ;
Familiar names shall take an accent strange,
A deeper meaning, a more human tone ;
No more passed by, unheeded or unknown,
The things that then shall be beheld through
tears.

Yet, O just Nature, thou
Who, if men's hearts be hard, art always mild ;
O fields and streams, and places undefiled,
Let your sweet airs be ever on his brow,
Remember still your child.
Thou too, O human world, if old desires,
If thoughts not alien once, can move thee now,
Teach him not yet that idly he aspires
Where thou hast failed ; not soon let it be plain,
That all who seek in thee for nobler fires,
For generous passion, spend their hopes in vain :
Lest that insidious Fate, foe of mankind,
Who ever waits upon our weakness, try
With whispers his unnerved and falt'ring mind,
Palsy his powers ; for she has spells to dry
Like the March blast, his blood, turn flesh to
stone,
And, conjuring action with necessity,
Freeze the quick will, and make him all her own.

Come, then, as ever, like the wind at morning !
Joyous, O youth, in the aged world renew,
Freshness to feel eternities around it,
Rain, stars, and clouds, light and the sacred dew.

The strong sun shines above thee,
That strength, that radiance bring !
If winter come to winter,
When shall men hope for spring ?

1890.

A PRAYER TO TIME

MOVE onward, Time, and bring us sooner free
From this self-clouding turmoil where we ply,
On others' errands driven continually ;
O lead us to our own souls ere we die !

We toil for that we love not ; thou concealest
Our true loves from us : all we thirst to attain
Thou darkly holdest, and alone revealest
A mirror that our sighs for ever stain.

Art thou so jealous of our full delight ?
Thou takest on strength, toil, fervour, and
sweet youth ;
And when thou hast taken these, thou givest sight
At last to see and to endure the truth.

Thou art too swift to our weak steps ; but, oh,
To our desire thou movest, Time, how slow !

SONNET FROM "DREAM, COME TRUE"

LIFE from sunned peak, witched wood and flowery
dell,

A hundred ways the eager spirit woos,
To roam, to dream, to conquer, to rebel ;
Yet in its ear a voice cries ever, Choose !
So many ways, yet only one shall find :

So many joys, yet only one shall bless ;
So many creeds, yet to each pilgrim mind
One road to the divine forgetfulness.

Tongues talk of youth ; but truth is only found
Where the heart runs to be poured utterly,
Like streams whose home is in their motion, bound
To follow one faith and in that be free.

O Love, since I have found one truth so true,
Let me lose all, to lose my loss in you.

F. W. BOURDILLON

A Lost God, 1891 (Elkin Matthews). *Miniscula*, 1897 (Lawrence & Bullen). *Sursum Corda*, 1893 (Fisher Unwin). *Through the Gateway*, 1902 (A. L. Humphreys).

PRÆTERITA

IN dwindling range behind us our past days
Lie outspread : as a city seen asleep,
Far off, forsaken, faint amid the haze
Compassed with this or that o'erlooking steep.
The great deeds of our life, like tower on tower,
Stand loftily ; this doth the sun yet keep ;
This leans or lapses 'neath the leaden hour ;
There is the leafless tree, the ruined wall,
And large and larger space doth night devour.
Dead is this city, and no life at all,
No change save of our changing memories,
Or such slight stir as when things crumbling fall,
Or fade remembered features. Saving this
An utter stillness, now and evermore,
Far-sundered by a flood where no ford is,
Nor ferry from To-day's, To-morrow's shore.

Dead is this city? Ah, dear God, not so ;
There are to whom this Yesterday is more
Than all To-morrows—than To-day. Here glow
The central fires of being. Hither come
Hope to her richest treasure-house, and Woe,
The treasure hoarder, to her richest tomb.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN

WHITHER leads the Gateway
That stands at the top of the hill,
With the bars against the sky?
A child, I dreamed thereby
To enter Heaven straightway.
I am old, but I know still
That the edge of the world is there,
And beyond is Paradise.
The land that is more fair
Than the wisdom of the wise.
I know it ; for, did I climb
In my beggar-clouts of sin,
And gross with this world's grime,
I could not enter in,
Though I waited times and a time.
No sight of glory, no sound
Of rapture should reach me there ;
Only the common ground,
Only the old despair.

DAWN IN MID-APRIL

DAWN with her galloping horses is over the hill,
 Leading the triumph of Day ;
Look how the heaven is paven with roses, and still
 Roses grow out of the grey.

See how the glittering lances are searching the
 glens,
 Setting the daffodil free,
Smoke of the sacrifice rises from forests and fens,
 Dancing feet dimple the sea.

Lo !—who hath summoned her ?—silent newcomer
 of night,
 Traveller weary of wing,
Over the river the swallow hangs, heavy of flight.
 Hark ! did a nightingale sing ?

Just the low prelude—not yet are the raptures of
 May.

 Leap, happy heart, to the skies !
Earth and the ages are Thine, Thou art heir of
 To-day,
 Lord till a new lord arise.

ROBERT BRIDGES

The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges, 1906
(Smith, Elder).

A LATE SPRING EVENING

I SAW the Virgin-Mother clad in green,
Walking the sprinkled meadows at sundown ;
While yet the moon's cold flame was hung
between

The day and night above the dusky town :
I saw her brighter than the western gold,
Whereto she faced in splendour to behold.

Her dress was greener than the tenderest leaf
That trembled in the sunset glare aglow :
Herself more delicate than is the brief,
Pink apple-blossom that May showers lay low,
And more delicious than's the earliest streak,
The blushing rose shows of her crimson cheek.

As if to match the sight that so did please,
A music entered, making passion fain ;
Three nightingales sat singing in the trees,
And praised the Goddess of the fallen rain ;
Which yet their unseen motions did arouse,
Or parting Zephyrs shook from out the boughs.

And o'er the tree-tops, scattered in mid-air,
The exhausted clouds, laden with crimson light,
Floated, or seemed to sleep ; and highest there,
One planet broke the lingering ranks of night ;
Daring day's company, so he might spy
The Virgin queen once with his watchful eye.

And when I saw her, then I worshipped her,
And said, O bounteous Spring, O beauteous
Spring,
Mother of all my years, thou who dost stir
My heart to adore thee and my tongue to sing,
Flower of my fruit, of my heart's blood the fire,
Of all my satisfaction the desire !

How art thou every year more beautiful,
Younger for all the winters thou hast cast !
And I, for all my love grows, grow more dull,
Decaying with each season over-past !
In vain to teach him love must man employ thee :
The more he learns the less he can enjoy thee.

SO SWEET LOVE SEEMED

So sweet love seemed that April morn
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old ;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found
So deep in summer floods is drowned.
I wonder, bathed in joy complete.
How love so young could be so sweet.

BLISS CARMAN

Poems by Bliss Carman, in two volumes, 1904 (John Murray). With Richard Hovey, *Songs from Vagabondia* (three series), 1894-1901 (Elkin Matthews and John Lane).

LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ

THE sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
A little while the grievous stream,
Which frets, uncomfited of dream—

A grievous stream, that to and fro
Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So long from home and Acadie.

Was it a year or lives ago
 We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
 Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—
 A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
 Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
 We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
 Where night and gloom awhile uplift
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands,
 Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
 Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
 To hold the shadow of the sun ;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
 That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,
And fear and memory were naught,
One to remember or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught,
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

The night has fallen, and the tide . . .
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam :
In grief the flood is bursting home.

THE KEEPERS OF SILENCE

My hillside garden half-way up
The mountains from the purple sea
Beholds the pomp of days go by
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds
Stream over Grand Pré in the sun,
And the white fog seethe up and spill
Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the north,
Like a great cauldron of the tides,
Is Fundy, boiling round their base,
And ever fuming up their sides.

Yet here within my valley world
 No breath of all that tumult stirs :
The little orchards sleep in peace ;
 Forever dream the dark blue firs,

And while far up the gorges sweep
 The silver legions of the showers,
I have communion with the grass
 And conversation with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech
 Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
 So full of lovely subtleties.

When the dark pansies nod to say
 Good morning to the marigolds,
Their velvet taciturnity
 Reveals as much as it withholds.

I always half expect to hear
 Some hint of what they mean to do,
But never is their fine reserve
 Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
 To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
 My little brother by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half aware,
They will unlock their hearts for once—
How sad if I should not be there !

IN THE GREAT HOUSE.

I HEAR a sound of weeping,
A dirge of bitter tears,
Like the long sea rains keeping
The tally of the years.

I ask myself what sorrow
Must needs be loosened so,
Whence mortal grief could borrow
Such litanies of woe.

And the sad voice, replying,
Is strange and yet well known ;
It is my own soul crying
Through God's great house alone.

THE MARCHING MORROWS

Now gird thee well for courage,
My knight of twenty year,
Against the marching morrows
That fill the world with fear !

The flowers fade before them ;
The summer leaves the hill ;
Their trumpets range the morning,
And those who hear grow still.

Like pillagers of harvest,
Their fame is far abroad,
As grey remorseless troopers
That plunder and maraud.

The dust is on their corselets ;
Their marching fills the world ;
With conquest after conquest
Their banners are unfurled.

They overthrow the battles
Of every lord of war,
From world dominioned cities
Wipe out the names they bore.

Sohrab, Rameses, Roland,
Ramothe, Napoleon, Tyre,
And the Romeward Huns of Attila—
Alas, for their desire !

By April and by autumn
They perish in their pride,
And still they close and gather
Out of the mountain-side.

The tanned and tameless children
Of the wild elder earth,
With stature of the north lights,
They have the stars for girth.

There's not a hand to stay them,
Of all the hearts that brave ;
No captain to undo them,
No cunning to offstave.

Yet fear thou not ! If haply
Thou be the kingly one
They'll set thee in their vanguard,
To lead them round the sun.

A SONG OF THE OPEN

GIVE me freedom, give me space,
Give me open air and sky,
With the clean wind in my face,
Where the quiet mountains lie.

*For the road goes up and the road goes down,
The years go over and by,
And soon will the longest day be past,
Soon I must lay me down.*

I am sick of roofs and floors,
Naught will heal me but to roam ;
Open me the forest doors,
Let the green world take me home.

I am sick of streets and noise,
Narrow ways and cramping creeds ;
Give me back the simpler joys ;
Nothing else my spirit needs.

Give me three days' solitude,
Sea or hill or open plain,
And with all the earth renewed,
I grow strong and glad and sane.

*For the road goes up and the road goes down,
The years go over and by,
And soon will the longest day be past,
Soon I must lay me down.*

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN

Blooms of the Berry, 1887 (J. P. Morton). *Days and Dreams*, 1891 (G. P. Putnam's Sons). *Accolon of Gaul*, 1889. *Red Leaves and Roses*, 1893. *Myth and Romance*, 1899 (G. P. Putnam's Sons). *Kentucky Poems*, 1902 (Grant Richards). *The Vale of Tempe*, 1905 (E. P. Dalton).

ELFIN

WHEN wild flower blue and wild flower white,
The wild flowers lay their heads together,
And the moon-moth glimmers along the night,
And the wandering fire-fly flares its light,
And the full moon rises broad and bright,
Then, then it is elfin weather.

And fern and flower on top of the hill
Are a fairy wood where the fairies camp ;
And there, to the pipe of the cricket shrill,
And the owl's bassoon or the whippoorwill,
They whirl their wildest and trip their fill
By the light of the glow-worm's lamp.

And the green tree-toad and the katydid
Are the henchmen set to guard their dance ;
At whose cry they creep 'neath the dewy lid
Of a violet's eye, or close lie hid
In a bluebell's ear, if a mortal 'mid
The moonlit woods should chance.

And the forest-fly with its gossamer wings,
And filmy body of rainbow dye,
Is the ouphen steed each elfin brings,
Whereon by the light of the stars he swings,
When the dance is done and the barn-cock sings,
And the dim dawn streaks the sky.

AUTUMN STORM

THE wind is rising and the leaves are swept
Wildly before it, hundreds on hundreds fall,
Huddling beneath the trees ; with brag and brawl
Of storm the day is grown a tavern, kept
Of Madness, where, with mantles torn and ripped
Of flying leaves that beat above it all,
The wild winds fight ; and, like some half-spent
ball,
The acorn stings the rout ; and, silver-stripped,
The milk-weed pod winks an exhausted lamp ;
Now, in his coat of tatters dark that streams,
The ragged rain sweeps stormily this way,
With all his clamorous followers—clouds that camp
Around the hearthstone of the west, where gleams
The last chill flame of the expiring day.

GILBERT CHESTERTON

The Wild Knight, 1900 (Grant Richards). This little volume has changed publishers several times, and is now in the hands of Mr J. M. Dent.

PROLOGUE TO "THE WILD KNIGHT"

ANOTHER tattered rhymster in the ring,
With but the old plea to the sneering schools,
That on him too, some secret night in spring,
Came the old frenzy of a hundred fools

To make some thing : the old want dark and deep,
The thirst of men, the hunger of the stars,
Since first it tinged even the Eternal's sleep,
With monstrous dreams of trees and towns and wars.

When all He made for the first time He saw,
Scattering stars as misers shake their pelf,
Then in the last strange wrath broke His own law,
And made a graven image of Himself.

THE HOPE OF THE STREETS

THE still sweet meadows shimmered : and I stood
And cursed them, bloom of hedge and bird of
tree,
And bright and high beyond the hunch-backed wood,
The thunder and the splendour of the sea.

Give back the Babylon where I was born,
The lips that gape give back, the hands that
grope,
And noise and blood and suffocating scorn,
An eddy of fierce faces—and a hope

That 'mid those myriad heads one head find place
With brown hair curled like breakers of the sea,
And two eyes set so strangely in the face
That all things else are nothing suddenly.

A CHORD OF COLOUR

My Lady clad herself in grey,
That caught and clung about her throat ;
Then all the long grey winter day
On me a living splendour smote ;
And why grey palmers holy are,
And why grey minsters great in story,
And grey skies ring the morning star,
And grey hairs are a crown of glory.

My Lady clad herself in green,
Like meadows where the wind-waves pass ;
Then round my spirit spread, I ween
A splendour of forgotten grass.
Then all that dropped of stem or sod,
Hoarded as emeralds might be,
I bowed to every bush and trod
Upon the live grass fearfully.

My Lady clad herself in blue,
Then on me, like a seer long gone,
The likeness of a sapphire grew,
The throne of him that sat thereon.
Then knew I why the Fashioner
Splashed reckless blue on sky and sea ;
And ere 'twas good enough for her,
He tried it on eternity.

Beneath the gnarled old knowledge-tree
Sat, like an owl, the evil sage :
"The world's a bubble," solemnly
He read, and turned a second page.
"A bubble, then, old crow," I cried,
God keep you in your weary wit !
"A bubble—have you ever spied
The colours I have seen on it ?"

HEUREUX QUI COMME ULYSSE

JOACHIM DU BELLAY

HAPPY who like Ulysses or that lord

Who raped the Fleece, returning full and sage
With usage and the world's wide reason stored,
With his own kin can wait the end of age.

When shall I see, when shall I see, God knows
My little village smoke, or pass the door,
The old, dear door of that unhappy house
That is to me a kingdom and much more.

Mightier to me the house my father made,
Than your audacious heads, oh halls of Rome,
More than immortal marbles undecayed,
The thin, sad slates that cover up my home.

More than your Tiber is my Loire to me,
Than Palatine my little Liré there,
And more than all the winds of all the sea
The quiet kindness of the Angevin air.

ETHEL CLIFFORD

Songs of Dreams, 1903 (John Lane). *Love's Journey*, 1905 (John Lane).

CAIN'S SONG

Lo, I am matched with Jehovah. Life of His giving
Have I destroyed and made vain. Cold and
 apart,
Abel lies dead in his grave, while I, Cain, am living,
Warm, with the blood in my veins and desire in
 my heart.

Outcast am I : but the earth, fertile and kindly,
Stretches beneath me. The sun sets in the west,
Golden and red, and I see it, while Abel sleeps
 blindly,
Deaf to the rain, and I hear it. Lord, which is
 best ?

Branded am I : but the deer, russet and sable,
Still are for quarry. And I hunt not in vain.

Mine is the triumph of storm and the gladness of
rain, but Abel,
Nothing he knows though his face is upturned to
the rain.

Cursed am I : but the night has mysterious giving
Of dreams, and day lights fires that burn in the
east and the west.
Thy favoured one lies in his grave and I, thine
accursèd, am living,
Quick in the wonder of earth and the sunlight.
Lord, which is best ?

FRANCIS B. MONEY-COUTTS

Poems, 1896. *The Alhambra and other Poems*,
1898. *The Revelation of St Love the Divine*,
1898. *Musa Verticordia*, 1906 (John Lane).
The Romance of King Arthur, 1907.

THERE SHALL BE WEEPING

THERE is a river, ordained to roam
Where never the slow kine feed,
Where never the warbler builds her home,
By vale, or forest, or mead.

Barren and sullen, and black it creeps,
Bearing nor boat nor barge ;
Nothing is fashioned within its deeps,
Nothing along its marge.

Never the city it leaps to lave,
Never o'erbrims its side
To moisten the meadows ; across its wave
Never the swallows glide.

Flowerless glimmers its pallid edge,
Treeless shimmers its sheen ;
Nowhere its shallows are set with sedge,
Nowhere with rushes green.

Salt from its birth in the marsh of wrong,
Bitter with tribute rills,
Its home is not in the sea, its song
Is not of the pure blue hills.

Shrouded in mist, it makes its moan
Of the burden of mortal years,
Like the cry of a child, in the night alone ;
And men have called it Tears.

“ALONE AND PALELY LOITERING”

WHAT comfort can you teach them
Who have followed Love so far
That never a foot can reach them,
Nor ever a hand unbar ?

The gates of darkness and distance
They traversed, one joy to gain,
In their madness of persistence,
And their disregard of pain ?

You cannot hear their wailing,
They are out of human ken ;
And pity is unavailing ;
They are deaf as murdered men ;

Their ears are stopped with straining
For Love's remembered song ;
They are dumb with fierce complaining,
And blind with Tears of wrong.

Not damned, nor yet forgiven,
But bound beneath a spell ;
They are not cheered by heaven,
They are not helped by hell ;

Poised in the sullen places
Where the force of life is sped,
Aloof from living faces,
Unfettered by the dead.

JOHN DAVIDSON

In a Music Hall, 1891 (Ward & Downey).
Fleet Street Eclogues, 1893-96 (Elkin Matthews and John Lane). *Ballads and Songs*, 1894 (John Lane). *The Last Ballad*, 1899 (John Lane). *New Ballads*, 1896-7 (John Lane). *Holiday and other Poems*, 1906 (E. Grant Richards). Mr Davidson has written plays in verse.

HOLIDAY

LITHE and listen, gentlemen :
Other knight of sword or pen
Shall not, while the planets shine,
Spend a holiday like mine.

Fate and I, we played at dice :
Thrice I won and lost the main ;
Thrice I died the death, and thrice
By my will I lived again.

First a woman broke my heart
As a careless woman can,
Ere the aureoles depart
From the woman and the man.

Dead of love, I found a tomb
Anywhere : beneath, above,
Worms nor stars transpierced the gloom
Of the sepulchre of love.

Wine-cups were the charnel-lights ;
Festal songs, the funeral dole ;
Joyful ladies, gallant knight,
Comrades of my buried soul.

Tired to death of lying dead
In a common sepulchre,
On an Easter morn I sped
Upward where the world's astir.

Soon I gathered wealth and friends,
Donned the livery of the hour,
And atoning diverse ends
Bridged the gulf to place and power.

All the brilliances of Hell
Crushed by me, with honeyed breath
Fawned upon me till I fell,
By pretenders done to death.

Buried in an outland tract,
Long I rotted in the mould,
Though the virgin woodland lacked
Nothing of the age of gold.

Roses spiced the dews and damps,
Nightly falling of decay ;
Dawn and sunset lit the lamps
Where entombed I deeply lay.

My companions of the grave
Were the flowers, the growing grass ;
Larks intoned a morning stave ;
Nightingales, a midnight mass.

But at me, effete and dead,
Did my spirit gibe and scoff :
Then the gravecloth from my head
And my shroud—I shook them off

Drawing strength and subtle craft
Out of ruin's husk and core,
Through the earth I ran a shaft
Upward to the light once more.

Soon I made me wealth and friends,
Donned the livery of the age ;
And atoning many ends,
Reigned as sovereign, priest, and mage.

But my pomp and towering state,
Puissance and supreme device,
Crumbled on the cast of Fate—
Fate, that plays with loaded dice.

I whose arms had harried Hell
Naked faced a heavenly host :
Carved with countless wounds I fell,
Sadly yielding up the ghost.

In a burning mountain thrown
(Titans such a tomb attain),
Many a grisly age had flown
Ere I rose and lived again.

Parched and charred I lay ; my cries
Shook and rent the mountain-side ;
Lustres, decades, centuries
Fled while daily there I died.

But my essence and intent
Ripened in the smelting fire ;
Flame became my element,
Agony, my soul's desire.

Twenty centuries of Pain
Mightier than Love or Art,
Woke the meaning in my brain
And the purpose of my heart.

Straightway then aloft I swam
Through the mountain's sulphurous sty :
Not eternal death could damn
Such a hardy soul as I.

From the mountain's burning crest
Like a god I come again,
And with an immortal zest
Challenge Fate to throw the main.

A RUNNABLE STAG

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
And apples began to be golden-skinned,
We harboured a stag in the priory coomb,
And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feathered his trail up-wind—
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bay, and tray, and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And "Forwards" we heard the harbourer shout;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out
From the underwood antlered out.
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beamed and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North ;
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth—

The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay, and tray, and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
“Tally ho ! tally ho !” and the hunt was up,
The tufties whipped and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on.

And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

“Let your gelding be : if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt ;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustomed to bear the brunt,
Accustomed to bear the brunt,
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay, and tray, and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag.

By perilous paths in coomb and dell
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay, and tray, and three aloof
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles or more,
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds, and all,
Of harbourer, hounds, and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep—
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, in a jewelled bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he opened his nostrils wide again,
And he tossed his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewelled bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag.

AUSTIN DOBSON

Collected Poems, 1898 (Kegan Paul, Trench,
Trübner & Co.).

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*"
And the tiny "*Hôtel de Ville*";
He smiles, as he goes to the *fleuriste* Rose,
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
Where the noisy fishwives call;
And his compliment pays to the "*Belle Thérèse*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui !*"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the farrier's daughter Lou ;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "*Bon Dieu, garde M'sieu !*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'ma'selle Anne ;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the sacristan—

For ever through life the Curé goes
With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

THE LADIES OF ST JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND
THE TOWN

"Phyllida amo ante alias."—VIRGIL.

THE ladies of St James's
Go swinging to the play ;
Their footmen run before them,
With a "Stand-by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St James's
Wear satin on their backs ;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
With candles all of wax ;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet-gown,
And runs to gather Maydew
Before the world is down

The ladies of St James's,
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air ;

But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St James's
They're painted to the eyes ;
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies ;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Her colour comes and goes :
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St James's,
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
Their phrases are so grand ;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops,
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St James's,
They have their fits and freaks,
They smile on you—for seconds ;
They frown on you—for weeks ;

But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Come either Storm or Shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
Is always true and mine.

My Phyllida ! my Phyllida !
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St James's,
And give me all to keep ;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world maybe,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me !

THE PRODIGALS

“ PRINCES !—and you most valorous,
Nobles and barons of all degrees !
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the over-seas !
Nothing we ask of gold or fees ;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray ;
Lo—for the surcote's hem we seize—
Give us—ah ! give us—but yesterday ! ”

“ Dames most delicate, amorous !
Damosels blithe as the belted bees !

Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the over-seas!
Nothing we ask of the things that please;
Weary are we, and worn, and grey;
Lo—for we clutch and we clasp your knees—
Give us—ah! give us—but yesterday!”

“Damosels—Dames, be piteous!”
(But the dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
“Hear us, O knights magnanimous!”
(But the knights pricked on in their panopies.)
Nothing they got or of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say,
“Life we drank to the dregs and lees:
Give us—ah! give us—but yesterday!”

ENVOY

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these!
Many there be by the dusty way—
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
“Give us—ah! give us—but yesterday!”

MAY DONEY

Songs of the Real, 1905 (Methuen).

THE SLAVE

" Whose service is perfect freedom."

THEY say I fill a narrow place
In this world's happenings,
Shutting within four walls my grace,
And doing little things.
I fill my dear lord's boundless need,
I satisfy his heart's desire,
My faith and prayers enlarge his creed
And feed his spirit's fire.
The mystic life my kisses brim
Outspans great dawns with dews impearled ;
The passion of my soul through him
Streams out into the world.

They sigh that I should be a slave
And all my freedom miss,
Because my uttermost I gave
To multiply my bliss.

One after one I bear the shapes
Of my beloved's part in me ;
Each time a little soul escapes
From our felicity.
Unto the Vast of Heaven reach
My liberties inviolate ;
The dreaming of my soul in each
Becomes incorporate.

They pity me because I toil
O'er common ministries ;
Dear God ! time's treasury I spoil,
Spending myself in these.
From morn till night my fingers pray,
In deeds declaring my heart's rest ;
I would not have one light wish stray
Higher than my love's breast.
I would not have one thought that left
The children of my loins behind,
Nor be of one sweet task bereft,
Leisure and ease to find.

My bonds are golden sacrifice,
Dear hearts and hands my bars ;
I mould, within my paradise,
The virgin stuff of stars.
Freedom grows wider as I serve,
Worked out in duties done ;

Never a point doth my star swerve
From circling round its sun.
In the calm system of God's will
My course is fixed, my motion set ;
A planet in His Scheme, I fill
My place, and could not fret.

Yet often as I sit and sew
By the last baby's bed,
Or on my round of duties go,
That all be clothed and fed,
I catch an echo of the grief
That swells from homes despairing, when
Women forget that love is chief—
Weeping of hearts of men—
Anguish because the crown of peace
By women's hands is thrust aside,
Mothers and wives from toiling cease,
And service is denied.

O God ! the pity and the pain,
The blindness and the death !
Oh, women ! putting love by, fain
To draw some easier breath ;
To be the Prayer in one man's soul,
To lead the home's sweet liturgy
From the hearth's altar and control
Homage of heart and knee ;

To build the future with the stuff
Of one's own self, and shape it true
And steadfast—is not this enough
To dazzle me and you?

MY HANDS

SINCE you have touched them, they have been
Two little flames that touch the true,
Two little souls that feel between
Old shapes the spirit of things new,
Two little prayers for the unseen—
These happy hands that have held you.

Since you have filled them they have burned
Two little dreams of white desire,
Two little hopes toward Heaven turned,
Two little purities of fire,
Two little wishes that have yearned
Yet deeper secrets to acquire.

Since you have kissed them they have told
Two little tales of sacrament,
Two little ecstasies of gold
Used freely yet for e'er unspent,
And when they clasp and creep and hold,
Two little passions of content.

Two little hearts too oft asleep,
Forgetting fires and dreams and prayers,
Two little bards that fail to sweep,
Too oft, love's harp-strings with sweet airs ;
Two little triflers ; yet they keep
Your Good fast through the world's affairs.

THE PEARL OF TWILIGHT

As Cleopatra, centuries ago,
Her royal eyes ashine
With triumph, her imperial pride to show,
Dissolved a pearl in wine,

So doth fair day in lavish style lift up
A goblet brimming high,
And melt the pearl of twilight in her cup
Without one little sigh.

Touching the zenith of her power, she,
In this majestic hour,
Squanders her rainbow riches recklessly,
And conjures with her power.

Strangely the ether shimmers while the gem
Fades softly out of sight,
As, smiling 'neath her jewelled diadem,
She offers it to night.

NORMAN GALE

A Country Muse, 1892 (D. Nutt). *A Country Muse* (Second Series), 1895 (Constable). *Orchard Songs*, 1893 (Elkin Matthews and John Lane).

BETTER SO

FRIEND, YOU DID WELL TO DIE !

How agonising was that hour
When the last inch of candle grew
A heated pool ; when at the pane
The morning wind, a bully, blew,
While you, no whit discomforted
By all these great Spring gusts at play,
In all the sorcery of senselessness
Did hardly stay
To breathe away
The fragments of your span,
Last lingerings of the man
So soon to fashion us supreme distress.
In the acacia on the lawn
The storm-cock whistled vengeance and disdain ;
The milder thrush, in harmony with fate,
Piped cheerly through the active flight of rain,

Ineffably sedate.

Below him in the lilac tree

The blackbird in his cottage green

Did sing between

The plainings and content.

O God, I thought, bring back again

His pleasure in the firmament ;

Instruct his ears to catch

Some redstart's whisper, some reviving snatch

Of chaffinch music, ere, the morning spent,

These servants of the dawn,

These breathing songs,

Desert the lawn !

His ears, O Lord, were reverent,

And Thou dost know

He loved Thy miracles

With all his force,

Praising Thee daily more because Thy love

Mellowed the woodland with the soothing dove,

Set linnets in the gorse,

Made sweet the darkness with the nightingale,

That we might find his comfort in the vale,

Though seeing not its source.

Give him to hear again our words,

To hear the birds ;

To drink the landscape's distances

With those deep eyes

In ecstasies

At finding spread around him everywhere

The everlasting sameness and surprise.

Friend, you did well to die !
The incarnation of ideals
 Is slow ;
The health of nations mendeth not ;
 They go
From base to base
Immeasurably fraudulent
In gross and cunning government.
But you did burn to see
 A Brotherhood arise,
That in nobility should not misfit
 The Maker of our skies ;
But day by day more separate we stand,
Pursuing pelf,
Adoring self,
One blood, one fate, but not one Band.
Due to the spade and promised to the earth
We buy our guinea's worth of evening mirth,
Go home and ponder how the money spent
Shall be extorted from the negligent,
Improvident
Poor brother, who, with equal worth,
By all the devilry of biting need
Comes as a test of our prevailing creed
To beg, for Christ's sake, aid !
We, dressing for the tomb and promised to the
 spade,
Make profit of his hurt
In golden dirt !

How this would wrench your heart if you were
nigh,

You who with me

Could bear to see

Espousals of the brick and of the glade—
The serpent street crawl greedy to the wood,
The mason drive the pigeon from her bough,
The hind, dismayed,
From following his plough,
If all this robbery from Nature meant
A crop of fresh content ;

If all these rendings of her verdant robe,
Invasions of her temples, gave
Serener glory to the globe,
A thrilling to the slave !

Brother, they drive the field-mouse hence,
They steal the finches' home ;
From mead to mead, from fence to fence
With all the power of impotence
The merchant princes come,
Sending the workmen first to clear the way,
To build and stay.
In half a hundred dingles where of yore
We lay on moss, and spake of evermore
While blackbirds shrilled the present in our ears,
Are cots and babes and tears !
With moss and melody and woodlands dense
Fled Innocence,

As she will fly from centres of repose,
Northward and southward, east and west,
Within her bosom thrusting as she goes
Her honeysuckle and her pink wild-rose.

How this would wrench your heart if you were
nigh!

Friend, it was well—that bitter vanishing—
Friend, you did well to die!

GERALD GOULD

Lyrics, 1906 (David Nutt & Co.).

THE EARTH CHILD

OUT of the veins of the world comes the blood of
me ;

The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the
sea ;

The hills have known me of old, and they do not
forget ;

Long ago I was friends with the wind ; I am
friends with it yet.

The hills they are grey, they are strange ; they
breed desire

Of a tune that the feet may march to and not
tire ;

For always up in the distance the thin roads
wind,

And passing out of sight they pass not out of
mind.

I am glad when morning and evening alter the
 skies ;
There speaks no voice of the stars but my voice
 replies ;
When wave on wave all night cries out in its need,
I listen, I understand ; my heart takes heed.

Out of the red-brown earth, out of the grey-brown
 streams,
Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams ;
To the ends of all waters and lands they are
 tossed, they are whirled ;
For my dreams are one with my body—yea, one
 with the world.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN

I AM in love with the sea, but I do not trust her
 yet ;
The tall ships she has slain are ill to forget :
Their sails were white in the morning, their masts
 were split by noon ;
The sun has seen them perish, and the stars, and
 the moon.

As a man loves a woman, so I love the sea,
And even as my desire of her is her desire of me :

When we meet after parting, we put away regret,
Like lover joined with lover ; but I do not trust
her yet.

For fierce she is and strange, and her love is kin to
hate ;
She must slay whom she desires ; she will draw me
soon or late
Down into darkness and silence, the place of
drowned men,
Having her arms about me, and I shall trust her
then.

DEFEAT

HERE, swift assuagement and black night ;
Here, the cold end of the hot fight ;
Here, where desire and strife were sweet,
I have accepted my defeat.

And all who nurse the palling aim,
Nor quicken to the touch of shame ;
All who are clothed upon with praise,
And walk in comfortable ways ;

And all who shun the House of Sin
Because they dare not enter in
—Not more than Destiny, but less—
Are met to mock mine unsuccess.

Here I put out my hand to try
The thing that centuries deny ;
Here were the 'stablished stars assailed ;
Here have I fought, here have I failed.

So, let them mock ; the foe was strong
And I was stubborn ; we fought long :
So, let them mock ; I found at length
The foe was stronger than all strength.

There came against me, first and last,
The sombre and apparelled Past,
The stirring forces of To-day,
And the whole Future in array ;

Tall navies white against the sky,
Armies for ever drawing nigh,
Vague hands and drifting feet of kings,
And silence at the end of things.

If I will that and God wills this,
It is not hard for me to miss ;
The stars and seas for good or ill
Have made me subject to their will.

Ordered, invincible, and right,
The stars are turning in the night ;
But brighter stars have vanquished me,
And waters of eternity.

THOMAS HARDY

Wessex Poems. Poems of the Past and Present,
1901 (Harper).

THE DARKLING THRUSH

I LEANT upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-grey,
And winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled tree-stems scored the sky
Like strings from broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death lament ;
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice outburst among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited ;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy, good-night air
Some blessed hope whereof he knew,
And I was unaware.

IN A WOOD

PALE beech and pine-tree blue,
Set in one clay,
Bough to bough cannot you
Bide out your day :
When the rains skim and skip,
Why mar sweet comradeship,
Blighting with poison-drip
Neighbourly spray ?

Heart-halt and spirit lame,
City oppressed,
Unto this wood I came
As to a nest ;
Dreaming that sylvan peace
Offered the harrowed ease—
Nature a sweet release
From men's unrest.

But, having entered in
Great growths and small,
Show them to men akin,
Combatants all ?
Sycamore shoulders oak,
Bines the slim saplings yoke,
Ivy-spun halters choke
Elms stout and tall.

Touches from ash, O wych,
Sting you like scorn !
You, too, brave hollies, twitch
Sidelong from thorn.
Even the rank poplars bear
Illy a rival's air,
Cankering in black despair
If overborne.

Since then no grace I find,
Taught me of trees,

Turn I back to my kind
Worthy as these ;
There at least smiles abound
There discourse trills around,
There, now and then, are found
Life loyalties.

THE BED-RIDDEN PEASANT TO AN UNKNOWING GOD

MUCH wonder I—here long low-laid—
That this dead wall should be
Betwixt the Maker and the made,
Between Thyself and me !

For, say one puts a child to nurse,
He eyes it now and then
To know if better 'tis, or worse,
And if it mourn, and when.

But Thou, Lord, giv'st us men our day
In helpless bondage thus,
To time and chance, and seem'st straightway
To think no more of us !

That some disaster cleft Thy scheme
And tore us wide apart,
So that no cry can cross, I deem,
For Thou art mild of heart,

And wouldst not shape and shut us in
Where voice cannot be heard :
'Tis plain Thou meant'st that we should win
Thy succour by a word.

Might but Thy sense flash down the skies
Like man's from clime to clime,
Thou would'st not let me agonise
Through my remaining time ;

But seeing how much Thy creatures bear—
Lame, starved, or maimed or blind—
Thou'dst heal the ills with quickest care
Of me and all my kind.

Then, since Thou mak'st not these things be,
But these things dost not know,
I'll praise Thee as were shown to me
The mercies Thou wouldst show.

TO LIFE

O LIFE with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee,
And thy draggled cloak and thy hobbling pace,
And thy too forced pleasantry !

I know what thou would'st tell
Of Death, Time, Destiny—
I have known it long, and know, too, well
What it all means for me.

But canst thou not array
Thyself in rare disguise,
And feign like truth for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise?

I'll tune me to the mood,
And mumm with thee till eve;
And maybe what as interlude
I feign, I shall believe!

A WASTED ILLNESS

THROUGH vaults of pain,
Enribbed and wrought with groins of ghastriness,
I passed, and garnish spectres moved my brain
To dire distress.

And hammerings,
And quakes, and shoots, and stifling hotness,
blent
With webby waxing things and waning things
As on I went.

“Where lies the end
To this foul way?” I asked with weakening
breath.

Thereon ahead I saw a door extend—
The door to death.

It loomed more clear :

“At last !” I cried, “the all-delivering door !”
And then, I know not how, it grew less near
Than theretofore.

And back slid I

Along the galleries by which I came,
And tediously the day returned, and sky,
And life—the same.

And all was well :

Old circumstance resumed its former show,
And on my head the dews of comfort fell
As ere my woe.

I roam anew,

Scarce conscious of my late distress. . . . And
yet
Those backward steps through pain I cannot view
Without regret.

For that dire train

Of waxing shapes and waning, passed before,
And those grim aisles must be traversed again,
To reach that door.

LAUSANNE

In Gibbon's old garden, June 27, 1897. The 110th anniversary of the completion of the "Decline and Fall," at the same hour and place.

A SPIRIT seems to pass,
Formal in pose, but grave and grand withal ;
He contemplates a volume stout and tall,
And far lamps fleck him through the slim acacias.

Anon the book is closed,
With "It is finished !" And at the alley's end
He turns, and soon on me his glances bend ;
And, as for earth, comes speech—small, muted,
yet composed.

"How fares the Truth now?—Ill !
Do pens but slily further her advance ?
May one not speed her but in phrase askance ?
Do scribes aver the Comic to be Reverend
still ?

"Still rule those minds on earth
At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were
hurled :
'Truth, like a bastard, comes into the world,
Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth !'"

RUDYARD KIPLING

Departmental Ditties, first published in Calcutta by Thacker & Spink in 1888. *The Seven Seas*, 1896. *The Five Nations*, 1903. *Barrack-Room Ballads*, 1892.

Many of Mr Kipling's best poems are scattered about in his prose works.

SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL

SPEAKIN' in general, I 'ave tried them all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good
For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all—
The different ways that different things are done,
An' men an' women lovin' in this world—
Takin' our chances as they come along,
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are good?

In cash or credit—no, it aren't no good ;
You 'ave to 'ave the 'abit or you'd die,
Unless you lived your life but one day long,
Nor didn't prophesy nor fret at all,
But drew your tucker some'ow from the world,
An' never bothered what you might ha' done.

But, Gawd, what things are they I 'aven't done ?
I've turned my 'and to most, an' turned it good,
In various situations round the world—
For 'im that doth not work must surely die ;
But that's no reason man should labour all
'Is life on one same shift ; life's none so long.

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.
Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done,
For something in my 'ead upset me all,
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,
An' met my mate—the wind that tramps the world !

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you will feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another—likely not so good ;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Gawd bless this world ! Whatever she 'ath done !
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all !"

A THREE PART SONG

I'm just in love with all these three,
The Weald and the Marsh and the Down countrie ;
Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white chalk coast !

I've buried my heart in a ferny hill,
'Twix' a liddle low shaw an' a great high gill.
Oh, hop-bine yaller and woodsmoke blue,
I reckon you'll keep her middling true.

I've loosed my mind fer to out and run,
On a Marsh that was old when Kings begun ;
Oh, Romney Level and Brenzett reeds,
I reckon you know what my mind needs !

I've given my soul to the Southdown grass,
And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass.
Oh, Firk and Ditchling an' sails at sea,
I reckon you keep my soul for me !

ANDREW LANG

Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, 1872 (Longmans). *Ballades in Blue China*, first published in 1880 by Kegan Paul & Co.; re-issued last in 1888. *Rhymes à la Mode*, 1885. *Grass of Parnassus*, first published in 1888 by Longmans, Green & Co., re-issued in 1892. *Ban and Arrière Ban*, 1894 (Longmans). *New Collected Rhymes*, 1905 (Longmans).

TIRED OF TOWNS

“When we spoke to her of the New Jerusalem, she said she would rather go to a country-place in heaven.”—
“Letters from the Black Country.”

I'M weary of towns, it seems a'most a pity
We didn't stop down i' the country and clem,
And you say that I'm bound for another city,
For the streets o' the New Jerusalem.

And the streets are never like Sheffield, here,
Nor the smoke don't cling like a smut to *them* ;
But the water o' life flows cool and clear
Through the streets o' the New Jerusalem.

And the houses, you say, are of jasper set,
 And the gates are gaudy wi' gold and gem ;
 But there's times I could wish as the gates was shut—
 The gates o' the New Jerusalem.

For I come from a country that's overbuilt
 Wi' streets that stifle, and walls that hem,
 And the gorse on a common's worth all the gilt
 And the gold of your New Jerusalem.

And I hope that they'll bring me in Paradise
 To green lanes leafy wi' bough and stem—
 To a country-place in the land o' the skies,
 And not to the New Jerusalem.

THE FAIRY MINISTER

The Rev. Mr Kirk of Aberfoyle was carried away by
 fairies in 1692.

PEOPLE of Peace ! a peaceful man,
 Well worthy of your love was he,
 Who, while the roaring Garry ran
 Red with the life-blood of Dundee,
 While coats were turning, crowns were falling,
 Wandered along his valley still,
 And heard your mystic voices calling
 From fairy knowe and haunted hill.

He heard, he saw, he knew too well
The secrets of your fairy clan :
You stole him from the haunted dell,
Who never more was seen of man.
Now far from heaven, and safe from hell,
Unknown of earth, he wanders free ;
Would that he might return and tell
Of his mysterious company !
For we have tired the folk of peace,
No more they tax our corn and oil ;
Their dances on the moorland cease,
The Brownie stints his wonted toil.
No more shall any shepherd meet
The ladies of the fairy clan,
Nor are their deathly kisses sweet
On lips of any earthly man.
And half I envy him who now,
Clothed in her Court's enchanted green,
By moonlit loch or mountain's brow
Is chaplain to the Fairy Queen.

HOW THE MAID MARCHED FROM BLOIS

Supposed to be narrated by James Power, or Polwarth,
her Scottish banner-painter.

THE Maiden called for her great destrier,
But he lashed like a fiend when the Maid drew near :

“Lead him forth to the Cross!” she cried, and he
stood

Like a steed of bronze by the Holy Rood!

Then I saw the Maiden mount and ride,
With a good steel sperthe that swung by her
side,

And girt with the sword of the Heavenly Bride,
That is stained with crosses five for a sigh,

The mystical sword of Saint Catherine.

And the city banner was blowing wide

With the flowers of France on the field of fame

And, blent with blossoms, the Holy Name!

And the Maiden's blazon was shown on a shield,

Argent, a dove on an azure field;

That banner was wrought by this hand, ye see,

For the love of the Maid and chivalry.

Her banner was borne by a page of grace,

With hair of gold and a lady's face;

And behind it the ranks of her men were dressed—

Never a man but was clean confessed,

Jackman and archer, lord and knight,

Their souls were clean and their hearts were light:

There was never an oath, there was never a laugh,

And La Hire swore soft by his leading staff!

Had we died in that hour we had won the skies,

And the Maiden had marched us through Paradise!

A moment she turned to the people there,
Who had come to gaze on the maiden fair ;
A moment she glanced at the ring she wore,
She murmured the Holy Name it bore,
Then, "For France and the King," good people,
 pray !
She spoke, and she cried to us, "Oh, and away !"
And the shouts broke forth, and the flowers rained
 down,
And the Maiden led us to Orleans town.

ALMÆ MATRES

St Andrews, 1862. Oxford, 1865.

A LITTLE city worn and grey,
 The grey north ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,
 The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
And still the thin and biting spray
 Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure and still decay
 Towers that the salt winds vainly beat :
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand,
Clear mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

Oh, ruined chapel, long ago
 We loitered idly where the tall

Fresh-budded mountain-ashes blow
 Within thy desecrated wall ;
The tough rods broke the tomb below,
 The April birds say clamorous ;
We did not dream, we could not know
 How soon the Fates must sunder us !

Oh, broken minster, looking forth
 Beyond the bay, above the town,
Oh, winter of the kindly north,
 Oh, college of the scarlet gown ;
And shining sands beside the sea,
 And stretch of links beyond the sand,
Once more I watch you, and to me
 It is as if I touched his hand.

And therefore art thou yet more dear,
Oh, little city, grey and sere,
 Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,
And lonely by thy lonely sea,
 Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
Where Youth an hour came back to me.

A land of waters green and clear,
 Of willows and of poplars tall,
And in the Spring-time of the year,
 The white-May breaking over all,

And Pleasure quick to come at call ;
And summer rides by marsh and wold,
And autumn with her crimson pall
About the towers of Magdalen rolled :
And strange enchantments of the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong tradition, binding fast
The flying terms with bands of gold,—
All these hath Oxford : all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifty surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown,
St Andrews, by the Northern Sea—
That is a haunted town to me !

BION

THE wail of Moschus on the mountains crying
The Muses heard, and loved it long ago ;
They heard the hollows of the hills replying,
They heard the weeping waters overflow ;
They winged the sacred strain—the song un-
dying,
The song that all about the world must go,—
When poets for a poet dead are sighing,
The minstrel for a minstrel friend laid low.
And dirge to dirge that answers, and the weeping
For Adonais by the summer sea ;

The plaints for Lycidas and Thyrsis (sleeping
Far from the "forest ground called Thessaly").
These hold thy memory, Bion, in their keeping,
And are but echoes of the moan for thee.

BALLAD OF HIS CHOICE OF A
SEPULCHRE

HERE I'd come when weariest.
Here the breast
Of the Windburg's tufted over,
Deep with bracken ; here his crest
Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover ;
In the cover,
Deep below, the cushat best
Loves his mate and croons above her
O'er their nest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,
To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover—
Here should failure be confessed ;

Ends my quest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,
Ah, fulfil a last behest,
Let me rest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

My Ladies' Sonnets, 1887 (privately printed),
Volumes in Folio, 1889 (C. E. Matthews). *English
Poems*, 1892 (Elkin Matthews and John Lane).

WHAT OF THE DARKNESS

WHAT of the darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms, and find ye silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some great faith our faces never dare.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call,
Day that shows man so great and God so small,

That hides the stars and magnifies the grass ;
 Oh, is the darkness too a lying glass,
 Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there ?
 What of the Darkness? Is it very fair ?

ALL SUNG

WHAT shall I sing when all is sung,
 And every tale is told,
 And in the world is nothing young
 That was not long since old ?

Why should I fret unwilling ears
 With old things sung anew,
 While voices from the old dead years
 Still go on singing too ?

A dead man singing of his maid
 Makes all my rhymes in vain,
 Yet his poor lips must fade and fade,
 And mine shall kiss again.

Why should I strive through weary moons
 To make my music true ?
 Only the dead men know the tunes
 The live world dances to.

WINIFRED LUCAS

Fancies and Fragments, 1893 (A. & F. Denny).
Units, 1896. *Fugitives*, 1899 (John Lane). *Other
Poems*, 1904.

JEALOUSY

I

HER waking thoughts I bribe with love
Upon one only path to move ;
 But in her sleep I must defer
 To the least hint, the smallest stir
 Of bygone things that come to her,
Her single, separate life that prove.

Ah, from a state so incomplete
Withhold thy memory's tribute, sweet !
 Imperfect pleasure, empty pain,
 Is all unchanged to thee again ?
 Or does this rose's scent explain
Old thorns about thy lonely feet ?

II

In my jealous heart it seems
Some mirage of other years
Might, from floating through your dreams,
Sully one among your tears,
Some most perilously plain,
Poisoned drop of sacred rain.

Glancing through another one,
Should there flash a quivering bright
Prism that some other sun,
Ere it failed you, set alight,
It would darken all the rays,
All the treasure of to-day's.

UNITS

Go forth, go forth, my shadowy love,—
Of every star be free,
Through all the tremulous midnight move
Till heaven is filled with thee ;
My little claim to hold thee prove
By thine immensity ;
Then, ere the daylight dawn above,
Return, and hide in me.

THE DREAM

I

AM I so bankrupt of delight,
I turn upon the stars for pain?
The happy stars that dream all night
The dream I must not dream again!
Oh, not until the stars to use
The glory of my dream forbear,
Its robe of light need I refuse
As earthly, for myself to wear.

II

Oft in nights of deepest shade
Pause for me the stars have made;
And unnumbered grey and blue
Skies I knew.

But a sun I knew there was
Brighter far than memory has;
And a deeper dark, a star
Clearer far.

ALONE

I

MUST even thou be lonely? Yes
I love thee while I lead, for, lo,
'Mid happiest ways I bid thee go,
A little wistful wilderness

For every thought I do not know,
For every doubt I cannot guess !

With fragile body, half upborne
By me and close against my side,
Some little, secret, bitter thorn,—
A pleasure missed, a wounded pride,
A little silence left forlorn,—
Comes in between us to divide.

Some wonder unassuaged—some fear
Too breathless it may be to win
A whisper to be uttered in,—
(Or any tenderness to cheer)—
A needless shame, a hidden tear,
A little joy, a little sin
That call me and I do not hear.

II

Thus far, no farther, tender child,
Whose rippling hair would flood with gold
My heart that loves, my arms that fold.
Ah, little trustful tide, beguiled
At times to meet a blast so cold !
Up the dim shore, too strait to hold
The wealth you bring, oh bright sea rolled !—
How shall I keep you reconciled ?

WALTER DE LA MARE

Songs of Childhood, 1902 (Longmans). *Poems*,
1906 (John Murray).

FALSTAFF

"TWAS in a tavern that with old age stooped
And leaned rheumatic rafters o'er his head,—
A bronzed, prodigious man which talked, and stared,
And rolled, as if with purpose, a small eye
Like a sweet Cupid in a cask of wine.
I could not view his fatness for his soul,
Which peeped like harmless lightnings and was gone
As haps to voyagers of the summer air.
And when he laughed, Time trickled 'neath those
beams,
As in a glass ; and when in self-defence
He puffed that paunch, and wagged that huge
Greek head,
Nosed like a Punchinello, then it seemed
An hundred widows wept in his small voice,
Now tenor, and now bass of drummy war.
He smiled, compact of loam, this orchard man ;

Mused like a midnight, webbed with moon-beam
 snares
Of flitting love ; woke—and a king he stood,
Whom all the world hath in sheer jest refused
For helpless laughter's sake. And then forfend !
Bacchus and Jove reared vast Olympus there ;
And Pan leaned leering from Promethean eyes.
“Lord !” sighed his aspect, weeping o'er the jest,
“What simple mouse brought such a mountain
 forth ? ”

VAIN FINDING

EVER before my face there went
 Betwixt earth's buds and me
A beauty beyond earth's content,
 A hope—half memory :
Till in the woods one evening—
 Ah ! eyes as dark as they,
Fastened on mine unwontedly
 Grey, and, dear heart, how grey !

I MET AT EVE

I MET at eve the Prince of Sleep,
 His was a still and lovely face,
He wandered through a valley steep,
 Lovely in a lonely place.

His garb was grey of lavender,
About his brows a poppy wreath
Burned like dim coals, and everywhere
The air was sweeter for his breath.

His twilight feet no sandals wore,
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before
Seemed letters of his lovely name.

His house is in the mountain ways,
A phantom house of misty walls,
Whose golden flocks at evening gaze
And witch the moon with muffled calls.

Upwelling from his shadowy springs
Sweet waters shake a trembling sound,
There flit the hoot-owl's silent wings,
There hath his web the silk-worm wound.

Dark in his pools clear visions lurk,
As rosy with the morning buds,
Along his dells of broom and birk,
Dreams haunt his solitary woods.

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face ;
He wandered through a valley steep,
Lovely in a lonely place.

THE THREE BEGGARS

'Twas autumn daybreak gold and wild,
While past St Ann's grey tower they shuffled,
Three beggars spied a fairy child,
In crimson mantle muffled.

The daybreak lighted up her face
All pink and sharp and emerald-eyed ;
She looked on them a little space,
And shrill as hautboy cried :—

Oh, three tall footsore men of rags,
Which walking this gold morn I see,
What will ye give me from your bags
For fairy kisses three ?

The first, that was a reddish man,
Out of his bundle takes a crust :
“ La, by the tombstone of St Ann,
There's fee, if fee ye must ? ”

The second, that was a chestnut man,
Out of his bundle draws a bone ;
“ La, by the belfry of St Ann,
And all my breakfast gone ! ”

The third, that was a yellow man,
Out of his bundle picks a groat,
“ La, by the Angel of St Ann,
And I must go without.”

That changeling, lean and icy-lipped,
Touched crust, and bone and groat, and, lo !
Beneath her finger, taper-tipped,
The magic ran all through.

Instead of crust a peacock pie,
Instead of bone sweet venison,
Instead of a groat a white lillie
With seven blossoms thereon.

And each fair cup was deep with wine
Such was the changeling's charity,
The sweet feast was enough for nine,
But not too much for three.

O toothsome meat in jelly froze !
O tender haunch of elfin stag !
O rich the odour that arose !
O plump with scraps each bag !

There in the daybreak gold and wild,
Each merry heated beggar-man
Drank deep unto the fairy-child,
And blessed the good St Ann.

THULE

If thou art sweet as they are sad,
Who on the shores of Time's salt sea
Watch on the dim horizon fade
Ships bearing love to night and thee ;

If past all beacons Hope hath lit
In the dark wanderings of the deep,
They who unwilling traverse it,
Dream not till dawn unseal their sleep ;

Ah, cease not in thy winds to mock
Us who yet wake but cannot see
Thy distant shores ; who at each shock
Of the waves' onset faint for thee !

JOHN MASEFIELD

Ballads, 1900 (Elkin Matthews). *Saltwater Ballads*, 1902 (Grant Richards). *A Mainsail Haul*, 1905 (Elkin Matthews).

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SEA

A WIND is nestling "south and soft,"

Cooing a quiet country tune,
The calm sea sighs, and far aloft
The sails are ghostly in the moon.

Unquiet ripples lisp and purr,

A block there pipes and chirps i' the sheave,
The wheel-ropes jar, the reef-points stir
Faintly—and it is Christmas Eve.

The hushed sea seems to hold her breath,

And o'er the giddy swaying spars,
Silent and excellent as Death,
The dim blue skies are bright with stars.

Dear God, they shone in Palestine
Like this, and yon pale moon serene
Looked down among the lowing kine :
On Mary and the Nazarene.

The angels called from deep to deep,
The burning heavens felt the thrill,
Startling the flocks of silly sheep,
And lonely shepherds on the hill.

To-night beneath the dripping bows,
Where flashing bubbles burst and throng,
The bow-wash murmurs and sighs and soughs
A message from the angels' song.

The moon goes nodding down the west,
The drowsy helmsman strikes the bell ;

Rex Judæorum natus est :

I charge you, brothers, sing Nowell,
Rex Judæorum natus est.

THE SEEKERS

FRIENDS and loves we have none, nor wealth nor
blessed abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the
open road.

Not for us are content, and quiet and peace of
mind,
For we go seeking cities that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for the hidden beauty that eyes may
never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind,
and the rain,
And the watch-fire under the stars, and sleep, and
the road again.

We seek the city of God, and the haunt where
beauty dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of
burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going
about the street.

We travel the dusty road, till the light of the day
is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's
rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past
and by,
Seeking the holy city beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor
blessed abode,
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the
open road.

ALICE MEYNELL

Preludes, 1875 (H. S. King). *Poems*, 1893
(Elkin Matthews and John Lane). *Later Poems*,
1902 (John Lane).

AFTER A PARTING

FAREWELL has long been said ; I have foregone
thee ;

I never name thee even.

But how shall I learn virtues and yet shun thee ?

For thou art so near heaven

That heavenward meditations pause upon Thee.

Thou dost beset the path to every shrine ;

My trembling thoughts discern

Thy goodness in the good for which I pine ;

And if I turn from but one sin, I turn

Unto a smile of thine.

How shall I thrust thee apart,

Since all my growth turns to thee night and day—

To thee faith, hope, and art ?
Swift are the currents setting all one way ;
They draw my life, my life out of my heart.

THE LADY POVERTY

THE Lady Poverty was fair :

But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of time and change of air,
Ah, slattern, she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes ; she keeps no state,
As once when her poor feet were bare.

Or, almost worse, if worse can be,
She scolds in parlours, dusts and trims,
Watches and counts : oh ! is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity ?

Where is her ladyhood ? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men ;
But in the stony fields, where, clear,
Through the slim trees, the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

NOVEMBER BLUE

OH, heavenly colour ! London town
Has blurred it from her skies ;
And hoarded in an earthly brown,
Unheavened the city lies.
No longer standard-like this hue
Above the broad road flies ;
Nor does the narrow street the blue
Wear, slender, pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps
Colour the London dew,
And, misted by the winter damps,
The shops shine bright anew—
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street
It dyes the wide air through,
A mimic sky about their feet,
The throng go crowned with blue.

THE LADY OF MY DELIGHT

SHE walks—the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep ;
Her flocks are thoughts, she keeps them white,
She guards them from the steep ;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep ;
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap ;
She is so circumspect and right,
She has her soul to keep,
She walks—the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep.

A DEAD HARVEST

(IN KENSINGTON GARDENS)

ALONG the graceless grass of town
They rake the rows of red and brown,
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay,
Delicate, neither gold nor grey,
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park,
Between the lights a narrow dark,

One street rolls on the north and one,
Muffled, upon the south doth run :
Amid the mist the work is done.

A futile crop, for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees :
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

SONNET

My heart shall be thy garden. Come, my own,
Into thy garden ; thine be happy hours
Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest flowers,
From root to crowning petal, thine alone.
Thine is the place from where the seeds are sown
Up to the sky enclosed with all its showers.
But, ah ! the birds, the birds ! who shall build
bowers
To keep these thine ? O friend, the birds have flown.

For as these come and go and quit our pine
To follow the sweet season, or, new-comers,
Sing one song only from our alder trees,
My heart has thoughts, which, though thine eyes
hold mine,
Flit to the silent world and other summers,
With wings that dip beyond the silver seas.

THOMAS STURGE MOORE

The Vine-Dressers and Other Poems, 1899
(Unicorn Press). *Poems collected in One Volume*,
1906 (Duckworth).

THE VINEDRESSERS

SENT FROM EGYPT WITH A FAIR ROBE OF TISSUE
TO A SICILIAN VINE-DRESSER, B.C. 276

PUT out to sea, if wine thou wouldest make
Such as is made in Cos : when open boat
May safely launch, advice of pilots take,
And find the deepest bottom, most remote
From all encroachments of the crumbling shore,
Where no fresh stream tempers the rich salt
wave,
Forcing rash sweetness on sage ocean's brine ;
As youthful shepherds pour
Their first love forth to Battos, gnarled and
grave,
Fooling shrewd age to bless some fond design.

Not after storm ! but when, for a long spell,
 No white-maned horse has raced along the blue,
 Put from the beach ! lest troubled be the well—
 Less pure thy draught than from such depth
 were due.
 Fast close thy largest jars, prepared and clean !
 Next weight each buoyant womb down through
 the flood,
 Far down ! when, with a cord the lid remove,
 And it will fill unseen,
 Swift as a heart Love smites sucks back the
 blood—
 This bubbles, deeper born than sighs, shall
 prove.

If thy bowed shoulders ache as thou dost haul—
 Those groan who climb with rich ore from the
 mine ;
 Labour untold round Ilion girt a wall ;
 A god toiled that Achilles' arms might shine :
 Think of these things and double knit thy will !
 Then, should the sun be hot on thy return ;
 Cover thy jars with piles of bladder weed,
 Dripping and fragrant still
 From sea-worlds where it grows like bracken fern :
 A grapnel dragged will soon supply thy need.

Home to a tun convey thy precious freight !
 Wherein for thirty days it should abide,

Closed, yet not quite closed from the air, and wait
 While through dim stillness slowly doth subside
 Thick sediment. The humour of a day,
 Which has defeated youth and health and joy,
 Down through a dreamless sleep will settle thus,
 Till riseth maiden gay,
 Set free from all glooms past—or else a boy
 Once more a school-friend, worthy Troilus.

Yet to such cool wood-tank some dream might dip :
 Vision of Aphrodite sunk to sleep,
 Or of some sailor let down from a ship,
 Young, dead, and lovely, while across the deep,
 Through the calm night his hoarse-voiced comrades
 chaunt—
 So far at sea they cannot reach the land
 To lay him perfect in the warm brown earth.
 Pray that such dreams there haunt !
 While, through damp darkness, where thy tun
 doth stand,
 Cold salamanders sidle round its girth.

Gently draw off the clear and tomb it yet,
 For other twenty days, in cedarn casks !
 Where through trance, surely, prophecy will set,
 As, dedicated to light temple tasks,
 The young priest dreams the unknown mystery.
 Through Ariadne, knelt disconsolate

In the sea's marge, so welled back warmth
 which throbbed
 With nuptial promise : she
 Turned, and half-choked through dewy glens,
 some great,
 Some magic drone of revel coming sobbed.

Of glorious fruit, indeed, must be thy choice !
 Such as has fully ripened on the branch.
 Such as due rain, then sunshine, made rejoice,
 Which, pulped and coloured, now deep bloom
 doth blanch,
 Clusters like odes for victors in the games,
 Strophe on strophe globed, pure nectar all !
 Spread such to dry ! If Helios grant thee grace,
 Exposed unto his flames
 Two days, or if not, three, or, should rain fall,
 Stretch them on hurdles in the house four days.

Grapes are not sharded chestnuts, which the tree
 Lets fall to burst them on the ground, where red
 Rolls forth the fruit, from whitelined wards set free,
 And all undamaged glows 'mid husks it shed ;
 Nay, they are soft and should be singly stripped
 From off the bunch, by maiden's dainty hand,
 Then dropped through the cool silent depth
 to sink
 (Coy as herself hath slipped,

Bathing from shelves in caves along the strand),
 Till round each dark grape water barely wink ;

Since some nine measures of sea-water fill
 A butt of fifty, ere the plump fruit peep,
 Like sombre dolphin shoals when nights are still,
 Which penned in Proteus' wizard circles sleep,
 And 'twixt them glinting curves of silver glance
 If zephyr, dimpling dark calm, counts them o'er.
 Let soak thy fruit for two days thus, then tread !
 While bare-legged bumpkins dance,
 Bright from thy bursting press arched spouts shall
 pour,
 And gurgling torrents towards thy vats run red.

Meanwhile the maidens, each with wooden rake,
 Drag back the skins and laugh with aprons
 splashed ;
 Or youths rest, boasting how their brown arms ache,
 So fast their shovels for so long have flashed,
 Baffling their comrades' legs with mounting heaps.
 Treble their labour ! still the happier they,
 Who, at this genial task, wear out long hours,
 Till vast night round them creeps,
 When soon the torch-light dance whirls them
 away ;
 For gods, who love wine, double all their
 powers.

Iacchus is the always grateful god !

His vineyards are more fair than gardens far ;
 Hanging like those of Babylon, they nod
 O'er each Ionian cliff and hillside scar !
 While Cypris lends his saltness, depth, and peace,
 The brown earth yields him sap for richest green,
 And he has borrowed laughter from the sky,
 Wildness from winds ; and bees
 Bring honey. Then choose casks which thou
 hast seen
 Are leakless, very wholesome and quite dry !

That Coan wine the very finest is

I do assure thee, who have travelled much
 And learned to judge of disused vintages.
 Faint not before the toil ! this wine is such
 As tempteth princes launch long pirate barks,—
 From which may Zeus protect Sicilian bays,
 And, ere long, one safe home from Egypt bring,
 Letting no black sailed sharks
 Scent this king's gift, for whom I sweeten praise
 With thosesame songs thou didst to Chloë sing !

I wrote them 'neath the vine-cloaked elm, for thee

Recall those nights ! our couches were a load
 Of scented lentisks ; upward, tree by tree,
 My father's orchard sloped, and past us flowed
 A stream sluiced for his vineyards ; when, above,
 The apples fell, they on to us were rolled,

But kept us not awake.—O Laco, own
How thou didst rave of love !

Now art thou staid, thy son is three years old ;
But I, who made thee love songs, live alone.

Muse thou at dawn o'er thy yet slumbering wife !—
Not chary of her best was Nature there,
Who, though a third of her full gift of life
Was spent, still added beauties still more rare ;
What calm, slow days, what holy sleep at night,
Evolved her for long twilight turnings fraught
With panic blushes and tip-toe surmise ;
And then, what mystic might—
All with a crowning boon, through travail brought !
Consider this and give thy best likewise !

Ungrateful be not ! Laco, ne'er be that !
Well worth thy while to make such wine 'twould be :
I see thy red face 'neath thy broad straw hat,
I see thy house, thy vineyards, Sicily !—
Thou dost demur, good, but too easy, friend :
Come, put those doubts away ! thou hast strong
lads,
Brave wenches ; on the steep beach lolls thy
ship,
Where vine-clad slopes descend,
Sheltering our bay, that headlong rillet glads,
Like a stripped child fain in the sea to dip.

E. NESBIT

Lays and Legends, 1886 (Longmans). *Leaves of Life*, 1888. *Songs of Love and Empire*, 1898 (Constable). *A Pomander of Verse*, 1895 (John Lane). *The Rainbow and the Rose*, 1905 (Longmans, Green & Co.).

THE GOLDEN ROSE

A POOR lost princess, weary and worn,
Came over the down by the wind-washed moor,
And the king looked out on her grace forlorn,
And he took her in at his palace door.

He made her queen, he gave her a crown,
Bidding her rest and be glad and gay
In his golden town, with a golden gown
And a new gold lily every day.

But the crown is heavy, the gold gown grey,
And the queen's pale breast is like autumn snows,
For he brings a gold lily every day,
But no king gathers the golden rose.

One came at last to the palace keep
By worlds of water and leagues of land ;
Grey were his garments, his eyes were deep,
And he held the golden rose in his hand.

She left gold gown, gold town, gold crown,
And followed him straight to a world apart,
And he left her asleep on the windwashed down
With the golden rose on her quiet heart.

DIRGE

LET summer go
To other gardens ; here we have no need of her ;
She smiles and beckons, but we take no heed of
her
Who love not summer, but bare boughs and
snow.

Set the snow free
To choke the insolent triumph of the year,
With birds that sing as though he still were here,
And flowers that blow as he still could see.

Let the rose die—
What ailed the rose to blow ? She is not dear to us,
Nor all the summer pageant that draws near to us ;
Let it be over soon, let it go by !

Let winter come,
With the wild mourning of the wind-tossed boughs,
To drown the stillness of the empty house
To which no more the little feet come home.

JOHN HENRY NEWBOLT

Admirals All, 1897, in the Shilling Garland Series (Elkin Matthews). Latest Collections, including *Admirals All*, *The Island Race*, 1907 (Elkin Matthews).

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile
away

(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arf the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder looms the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor-lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide
dashin',

He sees it arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon
seas

(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arf the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

“Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder’s runnin’ low ;
If the Dons sight Devon, I’ll quit the post o’
Heaven,
An’ drum them up the channel as we drummed
them long ago.”

Drake he’s in his hammock till the great Armada’s
come
(Capten, art tha’ sleepin’ there below ?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin’ for the
drum,
An’ dreamin’ arl the time o’ Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
Where the old Trade’s plyin’ an’ the old flag
flyin’
They shall find him ware an’ wakin’ as they
found him long ago.

GILLESPIE

RIDING at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie left the town behind ;
Before he turned by the Westward Road
A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

“The Devil’s abroad in false Vellore,
The Devil that stabs by night,” he said ;
“Women and children, rank and file,
Dying and dead, dying and dead.”

Without a word, without a groan,
Sudden and swift Gillespie turned,
The blood roared in his ears like fire,
Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
He thundered up through Arcot town,
Before he thought a second thought
In the barrack yard he lighted down.

“Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons,
Sound to saddle and spur,” he said ;
He that is ready may ride with me,
And he that can may ride ahead.”

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim ;
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons,
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses’ sides ;
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad ;
But ever alone before them all
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore ;
The walls were lined, the gates were barred ;
Alone he walked where the ballets bit,
And called ahoye to the Sergeant's guard.

"Sergeant, Sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all ?" he said.
Heavily came the Sergeant's voice :
"There are two living and forty dead."

"A rope, a rope," Gillespie cried :
They bound their belts to serve his need ;
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim ;
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge,
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight :
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years ;
They'll keep the tale a hundred more ;
Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

ALFRED NOYES

The Loom of Years, 1902 (Grant Richards). *The Flower of Old Japan*, 1903 (Grant Richards). *Poems*, 1904 (Blackwood). *The Forest of Wild Thyme*, 1905 (Blackwood). *Drake: an English Epic*, 1906 (Blackwood). *Forty Singing Seamen*, 1908.

APES AND IVORY

APES and ivory, skulls and roses, in junks of old
Hong-Kong,
Gliding over a sea of dreams to a haunted shore of
song ;
Masts of gold and sails of satin, shimmering out of
the East,
Oh, love has little need of you now to make his
heart a feast.

Or is it an elephant, white as milk and bearing a
severed head,
That tatters his broad, soft, wrinkled flank in tawdry
patches of red,

With a negro giant to walk beside and a temple
dome above,
Where ruby and emerald shatter the sun—is it
these that should please my love?

Or is it a palace of pomegranates, where ivory-
limbed young slaves
Lure a luxury out of the moon in the swooning
fountain's waves,
Or couch like cats and sun themselves on the warm
white marble's brink?
Oh, Love has little to ask of these, this day in May,
I think.

Is it Lebanon cedar or purpled fruits of the honeyed
southern air,
Spikenard, saffron, roses of Sharon, cinnamon,
calamus, myrrh,
A bed of spices, a fountain of waters, or the wild
white wings of a dove?—
Now, when the winter is over and gone, it is these
that should please my love.

The leaves outburst on the hazel-bough and the
hawthorns heaped wi' flower,
And God has bidden the crisp clouds build my
love a lordlier tower;

Taller than Lebanon, whiter than snow in the fresh,
blue skies above,
And the wild rose wakes in the winding lanes of the
radiant land I love.

Apes and ivory, skulls and roses, in junks of old
Hong-Kong,
Gliding over a sea of dreams to a haunted shore of
song,
Masts of gold and sails of satin, shimmering out of
the East,
Oh, Love has little need of you now to make his
heart a feast.

SHERWOOD

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghastly shadows are gliding through the
brake;
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy
horn.

Robin Hood is here again : all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the
leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June :
All the wings of fairy-land are here beneath the
 moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold ;
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting
 spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild-rose and hawthorn and honey-suckle boughs ;
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marion is a waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden
 steep :
Marion is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose
feather ;

The dead are coming back again, the years are
rolled away

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows,
All the heart of England, hid in every rose,
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap :
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark ! the voice of England wakes him as of old ;
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men ;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the
May

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Calls them and they answer : from aisles of oak and
ash

Rings the *Follow ! Follow !* and the boughs begin
to crash ;

The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to
fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band
goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All the merry thieves
Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

THE DWARF'S TRAGEDY

I

It was a King that rode to hunt upon a morn of
May,
And deep within the greenwood he found himself
alone ;
And while the sound of horse and hound were
dying far away
He happened on a little Dwarf that sat upon a
stone :

*His cap was red as a foxglove bell,
He held a fern in his hand ;
For the Dwarf was the king of a dreamland dell
And a prince of fairy-land.*

And the King upon his moon-white steed grew
quieter than the moon
That glimmered on the greenwood from out the
rosy sky ;
And the Dwarf peered up and whispered *Hush !*
and hummed a drowsy tune,
And like a dream or like a cloud the world went
drifting by :

*For the Dwarf was listening to a rhyme
The breeze had taught the flowers,
And the bluebell chime of eternal time
That speeds the dreamland hours.*

And the King forgot his palace, forgot his crown
and throne ;
And all the world around him was a sea of
light and joy,
Where green boughs and wild flowers and brooks
in undertone
Took up the soul's old antiphon of song too sweet
to cloy :

*And the little Dwarf sat still and dreamed
How knights with sword and helm,
Like green and golden beetles gleamed
Across his fairy realm.*

A blackbird came to peep at him with eyes of
glistening dew,
A rabbit lolloped down the glade and played
around his feet,
A linnet sang *The world's a dream : but every dream
is true ;*
And *True, true, true,* The roses bade their hidden
birds repeat.

*His cap was red as a foxglove bell,
He held a fern in his hand ;
For he was the king of a dreamland dell,
And a prince of fairy-land.*

II

Holla ! Holla ! Holla ! Ho ! a cry across the
stillness broke :
Holla ! Holla ! Holla ! Ho ! the Dwarf leapt up :
the King awoke !
And crashing through the flowers and fern a hundred
hoofs beat heavy and blunt,
And up, around the King and Dwarf, they reined,
amazed, the hunt !

Ah ! ha ! they laughed, *Ah ! ha ! ha ! ha !* and
the little dwarf laughed too ;
But the good green boughs of the wild-wood
sighed against the rose-rimmed blue ;

For the King's chief huntsman laughed too loud,
Let us take him away to the court ;
And he lifted the dwarf to his saddle bow, *Our jest*
for to-night : good sport !

And so to the palace they came, and at night, when
laughter and wine flowed free,
The Dwarf tripped out to caper and sing, with a
chuckle of elfish glee ;
And he shook his quaint little shaggy poll, and he
twisted his queer little face,
And he kept the revel alive all night with the light
of his last grimace.

And the Princess laughed till the Dwarf looked up
at the tears in her wonderful eyes,
And he smiled and he bowed with his hand on his
heart, and then, as a child praised tries
To better his best, he capered again till he made
her soft sides ache :
Ay ! he danced as he never had danced before,
and all for the Princess' sake.

"Oh ! oh !" she said, "he jumps like a frog ! I
have never seen anything half
So funny and ugly ; oh dear ! oh dear ;" and the
whole court echoed her laugh ;

And he thought that they laughed for delight as he
laughed when the skies and the streams were
blue ;

How should he know he was ugly at all ! So the
queer little Dwarf laughed too.

Then, dazed and amazed through the roar of the
court he saw her beckon him nigh,
And he crept with a glimmer of pride on his face
and a sharp little woodland cry
Of wonder and fear and wild delight deep down in
his heart, as close
Her face bent down to his quivering face and she
pinned on his breast a rose.

III

Roses, roses all around him : roses in her laughing
face,
Roses in the dazzling wine-cup drained in honour
to the chase ;
Roses where the rosy jewels burned on snowy
breast and brow,
Roses as he groped out blindly through the feast
of rose and snow.

Out into the moonlit garden, where ten thousand
roses grew,
Tripped the hideous little monster through the
gloom of rose and blue ;

Showed his rose to all the thousands, laughed and sang in elvish glee :

“This must be the queen of roses, for the Princess gave it me.”

Like a little living gargoyle through the passion-flowers he crept,

Towards the glimmering marble basin where like fire the fountains leapt ;

Saw the moths with flower-dust laden flutter towards the flashing rain,

Tried to scare them from their fate, and found the tiny task was vain.

Then through many a rose-hung alley lit by many a golden star,

On and on he wandered, hearing, here and there, a low guitar ;

Breathing to some open casement songs that touched his eyes with light,

Songs that plucked at all his heartstrings in the silence of the night.

She and I will go together ; hark, the music seems to say,

There are shores beyond the sunset—yes, and cities far away ;

Yes, and angel whispers floating hither o'er the
sapphire sea :

*This must be the queen of roses, for the Princess
gave it me.*

IV

And red as a rose the dawn broke, over the palace
towers,

As clasping his Rose of roses, he slept in the shade
of the flowers,

At the foot of a marble dais, where cold as the
foam of the sea,

Venus aglow with the rose-flush dreamed of
Eternity.

And the manikin dreamed—I will show her, ah !
but she will not go,

Perhaps, for her palace is marble ; but then there
is much to show

Even there, even there in my forest, in my house
not made with hands—

How proud I shall be to show her. She is one
that understands.

I will make her a robe of fawn-skin, I will weave
her a crown of flowers ;

She shall hear the chime of the bluebells that peal
the dreamland hours ;

I will bring her fruits and berries and honey, and
she shall eat,
And then, at night, in the star-shine, she will let
me sleep at her feet.

She shall sing, he murmured, the music the fairies
bring from the sky,
She shall learn to chat as a sister with blossom
and butterfly ;
She shall watch the mystical dreamer that under
the rose-leaf swings
In a hammock of silken slumber, waiting for
wonderful wings.

All that I kept and cherished, my dreams, my
beautiful dreams,
Hidden in fern-clad hollows, litten with rainbow
gleams,
Flung by the fairy cataracts over the spray of the white
Dancing, fragrant dog-rose, my dreams of a lost
delight,

Mystical strange old secrets, far, so far above
All that the lips can whisper, all that the heart can
love. . . .
Oh, words that can never be spoken, dreams that
I never could show
To any but one that loved me, she too, she too must
know

My knights in golden armour, my knights in green
and gold,
How we shall watch them together! what tales
there are to be told,
In my forests of fairy-blossom, in my house not
made with hands—
How proud I shall be to tell her! she is one that
understands.

v

Ah! he woke; and towards the palace wandered
slowly once again;
On his heart the rose of roses glimmered like a
dream of pain;
O'er the glowing marble terrace, like a fragment of
the night,
Crept he, and the great white portals ached upon
his yearning sight.

Marble! were the red ten thousand murmuring
that he dared to touch
Love's domain with his brown foot-soles, what if
he should stain or smutch
Something that the Princess treasured, and the
peacock's flaming dyes
Made him feel so brown and tattered: ah! he
shrank from those great eyes!

On through many a gorgeous archway, lit with
shields of lustrous gloom,

On past many a pictured arras, many a rich en-
chanted room.

She and I will go together! all at once it seemed
there crept

Something through his tears to meet him, some
strange thing that moaned and wept;

Something ugly from behind that lustrous glass
upon the wall,

On its heart it clasped a rose, a red rose just about
to fall;

Yes; so like his queen of roses that the Dwarf
shrank back in fear,

And the monster seemed to mock him! was it
but a shadow there!

Was it echo! was it magic! See, the Dwarf crept
back again,

And the monster came to meet him with grey
twisted lips of pain.

Out—out—out into the garden, where the roses
fluttered and beat,

Rushed he to the cold, white statue, and fell,
broken, at her feet.

And his face grew grey and greyer as the birds
grew wild with mirth,

And the roses heard him whisper with his lips
against the earth,

Where the cold, white Aphrodite dreamed of Love's
immortal sea.

*Still! my rose is queen of roses, for the Princess
gave it me."*

VI

Ah! ha! they laughed. Ah! ha! ha! ha! but
the huntsman laughed too loud,

As all aglow, with purple and gold, up strutted the
courtly crowd.

"Come, come, little monster, and dance, ha! ha!"
and the Princess piped, "oh, dear;

He is fast asleep with a rose on his breast! He
has stolen the rose I fear!"

"Come, come, little monster, and dance, ha! ha!"
and one with a thrust of his foot

Stirred him: the grey little face fell back on the
courtier's brodered boot.

"He has fainted away!" the Princess cried: but
the chamberlain shook his head

As he felt the poor, little pigeon-breast. "Ah, no!
Princess, he is dead."

VII

So the gardeners carried him far away beneath the
golden moon
That glimmered on the greenwood from out the
rosy sky,
And they left him in a twilight glade that breathed
a drowsy tune,
As like a cloud or like a dream the world went
drifting by ;
A blackbird came to look at him with eyes of
glistening dew,
A rabbit lolloped down the glade and played
around his feet :
A linnet sang, "The world's a dream ; but every
dream is true" ;
And "True, true, true," the roses bade their
hidden birds repeat.

*His cap was red as a foxglove bell,
He held a fern in his hand ;
For he was the king of a dreamland dell,
And a prince of fairy-land.*

MOIRA O'NEILL

Songs of the Glens of Antrim, 1900 (Blackwood)

BIRDS

SURE maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there's a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch ;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea,
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain
Slip from in-undher the drippin' leaves,
Wistful to sing again ;
An' low wi' love when he's near the nest,
An' loud from the top o' the tree,
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
An' he tells it the one sweet way.
But my heart is sore at the Cushadoo,
Filled wid his own soft glee,
Over an' over his "me an' you!"
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the red-breast
Singin' his love on a thorn,
Mindin' himself of the dear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn.
The time is in dark November,
An' no spring hopes has he!
"Remember," he sings, "remember!"
Ay, *thon's* the wee bird for me.

'THE FAIRY LOUGH

LOUGHAREEMA! Loughareema
Lies so high among the heather;
A little lough, a dark lough,
The wather's black an' deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
An' seagulls all together
Float roun' the one green island
On the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema ! Loughareema !

When the sun goes down at seven,

When the hills are dark an' *airy*,

'Tis a curlew whistles sweet !

'Then somethin' rustles all the reeds

That stand so thick and even ;

A little wave runs up the shore

An' flees as if on feet.

Loughareema ! Loughareema !

Stars come out, an' stars are hidin' ;

The wather whispers on the stones,

The flittherin' moths are free.

One'st before the mornin' light

The Horsemen will come ridin'

Roun' and roun' the fairy lough,

An' no one there to see.

LOOKIN' BACK

WATHERS O'MOYLE an' the white gulls flyin',

Since I was near ye, what have I seen ?

Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin',

Night and day where the waves are green.

Struth na Moile, the wind goes sighin'

Over a waste o' wathers green.

Slemish an' Trostan, dark wi' heather,
High are the Rockies, airy-blue ;
Sure ye have snows in the winter weather,
Here they're lyin' the long years through.
Snows are fair in the summer weather,
Och ! an' the shadows between are blue !

Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen' flowers,
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet ;
Roses for miles, an' redder than ours
Spring here undher the horses' feet.
Ay, an' the black-eyed gold sunflowers,—
Not as the glen flowers small an' sweet.

Wathers O'Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin'
Whiles ye are nearer than snow-tops keen !
Dream's o' the night an' a night wind callin'—
What is the half o' the world between ?

JOHN SWINNERTON
PHILLIMORE

Poems, 1902 (John Maclehose, Glasgow).

IN A MEADOW

THIS is the place
Where far from the unholy populace
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep
Her court doth keep,
Sweet contemplation. To her service bound
Hover around
The little amiable summer airs,
Her courtiers.

The deep black soil
Makes mute her palace floors with thick trefoil ;
The grasses, sagely nodding overhead,
Curtain her bed ;
And, lest the feet of strangers overpass
Her walls of grass,

Gravely a little river goes his rounds
To beat the bounds.

No bustling flood
To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,
But such a stream as knows to go and come
Discreetly dumb.
Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds
And screened with reeds ;
For roof the water-lily leaves serene
Spread tiles of green.

The sun's large eye
Falls soberly upon me where I lie,
For delicate webs of immaterial haze
Refine his ways.
The air is full of music, none knows what,
Or half-forgot ;
The living echo of dead voices fills
The unseen hills.

I hear the song
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long ;
And know not if it be by inward spite
For my delight,
Making remembered poetry appear
As sound in the ear,
Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze
From distant seas.

Dreams without sleep,
 And sleep too dear for dreaming and too deep,
 And quiet very large and manifold,
 About me rolled.
 Satiety, that momentary flower,
 Stretched to an hour :
 These are her gifts which all mankind may use
 And all refuse.

OMNIVOLUS

I

WHEN all the holy primal part of me
 Arises up within me to salute
 The glorious vision of the earth and sea,
 Which are the kindred of the destitute ;
 When, passionate and happy like a lover,
 I laugh and teaze the laughing winds, I twine
 Aspiring arms about the clouds, I cover
 The eager lips of earth with lips of mine—
 Oh ! then I sob for words which are denied,
 As living creatures buried sob for breath,
 Who cannot stir, but keen with eyelids wide
 Taste all the helpless agonies of death,
 Growing to cold communion with the sod,
 And perish, broken-hearted, doubting God.

II

The lightning stroke of fear hath oftentimes
 Knocked out a spark of speech on dumb men's
 tongues ;
 I fain would render out in clarion rhymes
 This glorious air of Earth which fills my lungs ;
 The sun, his birth, his ride, his solemn fall,
 The rain, the lovely looks of English ground !
 And happier larks make mention of them all
 In sovereign springs of elemental sound.
 But that diviner breath which through me blows,
 Nor makes me prophesy nor lets me rest
 (O happy lark to sing whate'er he knows !),
 But aches uneased within me, unexpressed ;
 For song still-born's a triply heated fire,
 Love disappointed, shame and vain desire.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Christ in Hades, 1896 (Elkin Matthews' Shilling Garland). *Marpessa*, 1900 (John Lane). *A Poem*, 1904 (John Lane). *Poems*, 1898 (John Lane). *New Poems*, 1907 (John Lane).

Phillip's blank-verse tragedies are well known.

TO MILTON BLIND .

HE who said suddenly, "Let there be light"—
To Thee the dark deliberately gave,
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance that so lures us from the truth.
He gave thee back original night. His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.
Oh, blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin Dark ; and when
The pleasant flowery sight which had deterred
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world
Was quite withdrawn. Then burst upon thy view
The elder glory, space again in pangs,

And Eden odorous in the early mist,
That, heaving watery plain that *was* the world,
Then the burned earth and Christ coming in clouds.
Or rather special leave to thee was given
By the high power, and thou with bandaged eyes
Wast guided through the glimmering camp of God ;
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
Or pace the wide air everlastingly.
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep
Argument heardest, and the large design
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Up-Along and Down-Along, 1905 (Methuen).

MAN'S DAYS

A SUDDEN wakin', a sudden weepin',
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin' ;
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,
One glorious day as'll never fade ;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs,
some tears,
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e,
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e ;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin' :
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

Poems and Ballads, 1896 (Methuen).

COLUMBUS AT SEVILLE

DEAR son Diego, I am old and deaf :
Here to my room in Seville some one came
—To-day or yesterday, who knows? The blinds
Are closed, and no sun moves upon the floor—
Here to my room in Seville some one came
And muttered that the queen is dead. I trust
She rests in glory, far from all the cares
Of this rough world she made less penible
For two much-travelled feet that here inert
Wait by the ripple of the Blessed Ford,
Yet may not to its running cool unlace
Until my Master give the happy word.

I have been loyal : flouted for a fool,
I have been loyal : lifted above lords,
I have been loyal : once again abased,
Beggared and led a prisoner in chains,

I have been loyal still. But I believe
God sets on kings His sigil for a test,
And only they who bear it to His bourne
By widows' tears uncanceled, without scratch
Of fetters wrongfully imposed, undimmed
By sighs of just petitioners, may claim
To hear their charter yonder reconfirmed.
Who fails—his province shall another take,
One chosen from the spirits of just men
Made perfect. And his own debt shall every one
Here or hereafter, soon or late, redeem.
Who plights his dignity against a debt,
As Ferdinand ; who thus evades a debt,
As Ferdinand, and forfeits faith of man ;
Shall find that faith confront him by the Throne
In angels' blushes, and his honours melt
For payment in their slow celestial scorn.
But she, my Mistress, diadem of all
His dignity, was never Ferdinand's.
Born of that royal few who ride abroad
And see their humbler, happier sisters throw
Free glances from their windows on the street ;
Or by the bridge or by the bathing-pool
Passing with nun-like faces, catch a hint
And bear it home and wonder all the night
Stretched by their lords, listing the serenade
That well by distant balconies passionate ;
She—though her priestess' body she abased
Coldly to public need—lent it to wed
Castille with Aragon—was dedicate

To none but duty. On this earth she knew
No passion but a friendship purified,
Unspotted of the flesh, prophetic
Of that sublimer passion of the saints
Her innocence now inherits.—Not for me !
As not for Ferdinand ! But this I hope,
To meet her walking 'neath the boughs of Life,
To touch her hand without servility,
And in the salutation of her eyes
Read resolution of the musing care
That clouded them aforetime, half with doubt
And half with pitiful knowledge.

Oh, they swept

Down from the daïs eloquent, wave on wave.
In every wave brooded a starry thought ;
In every thought brooded a litten tongue,
Holy, with comfortable words. And yet
I have looked into them as a mother looks,
And in the iris of her week-old babe
Reads now but natal innocence, and now
The absorbèd wisdom of an age-worn past
Blinking its own new dawn. They did allow
The wonder of man's weakness, even while
They pierced unto his greatness and the hope.
Natheless at first I did believe her cold
—Jesu ! She cold !—cold as the icèd rim
'Engaged my hot heart there by Pinos bridge.
Tight-corded as my holster was the bale,

The slender bale of hope I carried then,
If somewhere I might find the world so wide
As to contain one courage bold to mate
With me to push it wider—wide enough
To satisfy the more adventurous clans
Yet in the womb waiting the moment's call.
For Portugal had cheated, England sent
No word, and of Bartholomew no report
Came on the bearded lips of them who drew
Forth from the northern fogs in caravel,
Galley or barque or pinnace. Day by day
For two long years, seated among my books,
Maps, charts, and cross-staves, in the little shop
By Seville bridge, incessant I had watched
The Guadalquiver through a dusty pane ;
Had watched the thin mast creep around the point ;
Had watched the slow hull warp across the tide,
And the long flank fall lazy to the quay
—Levantine traders bringing Tyrian wine,
Malmsey from Crete, fine lawn of Cyprus, silk
Of Egypt and of India ; Genovese,
Whose sheer I conned and knew the shipwright's
name,
—Feluccas, with a world of eastern spice
Bartered of Caspian merchants on the bar
Of Poti, or of Emosaïd clans
Down the Red Sea and south to Mozambique :
True aloes of Socotra, galbanum,
Myrrh, cassia, rhubarb, scented calamus,
Sweet storax, cinnamon, attars of the rose

And jasmine. And of some the skippers wore
Skin purses belted underneath their knives
—Spoilers of Ormuz or Serendib these,
Who sought the jewellers' offices ere they slept
Or drank ashore. These from the sunrise all :
But others from the dark and narrow seas
By England and by Flanders. Tin they brought
In blocks and bars, and lead and pewter ware
Shipped at Southampton. Lace and napery
Of Ypres and of Malines, Frankish wools
In bulk from Calais' warehouses, or spun
By English hands, grey kersey, fustian, cloth,
From Guildford, Norwich, London.—

Ay, but none

Brought tidings of Bartholomew. One and all,
Still to my questioning the shipmen stared
And shook their silver earrings : not a word !
Oft—as th' Orcadian watcher from his rock
Scans the grey tide-race eddying by his line—
In tavern corner by an empty cup
I have heard the roboant captains boast and swell ;
Alert, if haply, on vainglorious tale
Or outland lie reported, there might drift
Some flotsam of the dim West unexplored.
Bird of my hope ! How long ye beat a wing
In yon unfathomable fogs, and still
Of green no sign !—the waters ever void,
And stainless the pink feet of Noë's dove !

At Salamanca then they tested us ;
 Churchmen and schoolmen and cosmogoners
 In council. "Hey !" and "What ?" "The earth
 a sphere ?

And two ways to Cathaia ?" "Tut and tush !"
 "Feared the Cathaians then no blood in the head
 From walking upside-down ?" "Pray did I know
 Of a ship 'would sail up-hill ?" "Had I not heard
 Perchance of latitudes when the wheel of the
 sun

Kept the sea boiling ? Of the tropic point
 Where white men turned hop-skip to blackamoors ?"
 "And hark ye, sir, to what Augustine says,
 And here is Cosmas' map. '*God built the world
 As a tabernacle : sky for roof and sides,
 And earth for flooring . . . Made all men to dwell
 Upon the face of it*'—the face, you hear,
 Not several faces—'*On foundations laid
 The earth abides*'—*foundations*, if you please,
 Not mid-air. Soothly, sir, at your conceits
 We smile, but warn you that they lie not far
 On this side heresy. 'Antipodes,' hey ?
 Our Mother Church annuls the Antipodes."

Fools, fools, Diego ! Ay, but folly makes
 More orphans than malevolence.

There I stood

Rejected, and the good queen looked on me.
 She did not smile. Thank God she did not smile,

She did not speak. I saw the mute lips move
Compassionate, and took defeat, went forth.

Nay, no compassion now ! With scorn of men
I bound my wound, and nursed it while I rode.
France now, or England ? Still the wound
complained,
And still I closed the purple lips with scorn ;
Till there on Pinos bridge my horse's hoof
Rang, and the vaulted echo halloa'd "Scorn !"
And so—

I do remember, on a time,
Off Cape St Vincent in a general fight,
How that one master of a sinking hull
—An Antwerp captain—danced about his deck
Like paper in a gale, and cursed and bawled,
And cursed again and shook his fist and bawled,
Belabouring his gunners—fat and fierce
As a fool's bladder, wholly ludicrous ;
Till running to the bulwarks, all aflush
To hurl some late-remembered oath, he leaned,
Collapsed in bloody vomit, and so died.

So with the bridge's echo welled afresh
My wound above its bandages. I lit
Down from my horse and o'er the parapet bowed
In sickness of surrender ; let my hopes
Unhusk and rain upon the silly stream
That ran ecstatic, with a babbling lip

A-flush for the salt tide, and knew not yet
The smart of that embrace. "Run, happy fool!
Aspire to make impression on the main,
'Will swallow thee with all thy freshet wave
As kings digest the tributary zeal
Of private men, and so spit forth their names!"

So leaned I, listless to a gallop of hoofs
'Woke distant on the north-east road and swept
Down in a smother of dust. I sprang to the bit,
And backed to let the posting rider past.
But he reined sudden and wheeled. "Why this
will be
—Steady, thou sprawler!—this will be the man,
The Genovese himself! Sir, I have ridden—
The queen commands you back to Santa Fé.
Plague o' this dust!" I looked him up and down:
A little dapper gentleman of the camp,
Flicking with scented kerchief at his coat
Of velvet laced with amber, like a bee's,
And condescending with a silly smile.
And still he smiled; and still I pondered him,
As a father, listening in his closet, hears
The first cry of his first-born child, and turns
To watch an idle bee upon the pane,
And still in the midwife's message hears it buzz.
"The queen commands—" "So—I believe you, sir":
Then slower: "And I will trust the queen."
With eyebrows lifted, and a brisk salute,

He shook his rein, dug spur, and started back
A-trot with the answer.

Haste, O bobbing bee !

Be minister of marriage 'twixt two minds,
Two flowers that twine the challenge of their gaze
And know no fleshlier union. Soar, O bee !
Hence from the moat up, up to the lady-flower
Swaying in sunlight high on the palace wall ;
Creep in her leaning languid bosom, and there
Do thy close work, whisper, impregnate her
With a secret such as lowlier blossoms breathe
At twilight, one to another, nodding anigh
With petalled nightcaps, while th' eaves-dropping
breeze

Steals by the lily-bordered garden beds.

Nay ; 'tis a chaster deed thou hast in hand
—To marry mind with mind. Stand but afar
And speak : thou hast a word that not alone
Will breed conception of a queenly thought,
But wake the generations of the world.

Dame of the castle ! Leman of the road !
Leap with the quickening babe and press your side !
He hath the resurrection in his heel,
Treads underfoot the doom of all his sires,
And springs upon the tight cords wherewithal
In turn they bound each other to the pit.
Dame of the castle ! Leman of the road !
Enlarge your girdles !—for this conquering babe
Shall westward launch and draw with silver wake
An honourable girdle round the waist

Of Mother Earth, beneath her swelling breasts—
The Old World and the New. O moons of man !
A Spirit moves upon the middle deeps,
And all their odic tides acclaim the Babe !

Back then I rode : but coolly Reason came
With sight of Santa Fé, and plucked my arm—
“ Be temperate : for kings have many cares
And thou one vision only. See these walls,
These tented lines ; and yonder on the cliff,
At her last gasp, Granada ! Tranquilly,
As 'twere on oilèd hinge, the sentinel
Paces her terrace. Evening for her wounds
Hath golden ointment, were they curable.
But at their meat the dusky councillors
Mutter ‘To-morrow !’ and upon the wall
The whisperers surmise. ‘To-morrow ? Ay—
There dawns one only morrow for the Moor !’
But O, what blood ! O man, what many blows
Have built that morrow ! Christendom redeems
The debt, attains the dream. O give her space,
A kindly space before she dream again !”

Soberly then I cleansed me of the dust
Of travel ; stood within the royal tent
With brow composed. And she with brow
composed
Questioned my hope as 'twere i' the level round

Of a queen's audience. Cold? I did not know.
She had sought to pledge her jewels for that hope!
Only her tone took up the challenge flung
By my obeisance, challenging in turn
Her Court, as who should say, "Behold this man,
He offers a new heaven, a new earth;
And claims to hold them for us, taking tithe
As Governor, and for his share one-eighth
Of his adventure's profit, with the style
Of Admiral of the Ocean, privilege
As high as our High Admiral's of Castile:
Well worth it, an' his promises bear fruit.
I test him at the furthest of his claim—
Go, sir—so much an unbelieving world
Concedes its queen: derisive lets her launch
Fresh hopes forlorn upon its unbelief—
Go, sir, and prove the courage of thy faith!"

And Faith, my son, the substance is of things
Hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
The substance? ay, I trod it! not the deck,
The barren deck whereon my comrades cursed
The wind, the smooth sea running like a stream
Still westward, westward through an empty world.
Nay, while they cursed, my feet already pressed
The yellow sands, waded the rivulets
And long cool grasses of those isles afar.
The evidence? I saw it! not the weed,
The crab, the berried branch, the emperor-fish,

The tropic birds that sang about the mast
As 'twere a sweet-briar bursting into bud
In Seville, in the Andalusian spring.

—Signs and a *sursum corda* for the faint
And faithless. Sudden then a few would crowd
Forward, and point, and hail the dull blue smear
Far on the sky-line. “News, Lord Admiral!
A land-fall, ho! and luck be with the news!”

—So watch it fade, and curse more bitterly.
Me neither hope nor omen, true or false,
Elated or depressed. Always I bore
The certainty within me, and the seal
Of God upon it, and the face imposed
Of her, my Mistress. Always on the poop,
A man apart, I stood and steered a course
Unerring, by the magnet of my doom.
Others might watch, all eager for the prize—
The thirty annual crowns and velvet coat—
For veritable sight and news of land.
The *Pinta* might outsail, the *Nina* balk
Their Admiral. But still for him reserved
The hour, and for his eyes the blessed light,
The light on Guanahani! Musing there,
Through the first watch, beside the cabin top,
I heard between me and the hornèd moon
A frigate-bird go whistling, and a wind
Caught in the rigging like a woman's sigh:
Whereat I turned——O face! O flash of eyes!
O star of my devotion! all dissolved
Into a spark that danced and disappeared,

And dancing glowed again, as 'twere a torch
Moved in a village street from door to door.
I called the watch. They had not seen : but ran,
Stared, saw—"Land ! land !" and "Praise the
Admiral !

Who found us light in darkness ? Who but he ?"
—More proof ? Then rede thee of that bitter gale
Off the Azores, on the homeward road.

The *Nina* drove alone in seas that drowned
Hope and the very heaven. 'There we cast
Lots who should carry—barefoot, in his sark—
A candle to Our Lady of Guadelupe.

Who drew the lot but I ? Again we cast.

And who but I the pilgrim to Moguèr,

To Santa Clara ? Yea, yet once again

A night of anguish off the Tagus mouth ;

Again the lot ; again the Admiral !

Me must Our Lady of La Cinta choose :

'There was none other. Proofs ? I tell thee, son,

'There was none other ! These men handled ropes,

Starved, hoped, shed tears—mechanical, for me

Their master. As I meted them, they moved.

But Pinzon—who betrayed me once and twice

At Cuba—thought us foundered in the gale,

Nor stayed to search ; but made his hope his shame,

Both doubled by desertion—who, with sail

Piled high as both, let drive the *Pinta* home

To bear the first report and snatch the prize—

I swear I pitied him. How like to mine

His hope, if mine had lacked the single grace

Made his contention impotent ! lacking which,
He smote upon a consecrated shield
That on the stroke rang God's authentic "No" !

Thou knowest how upon a mid-day tide
We drew unto that port of our desire ;
To Palos, little Palos, left so long,
After what wonders found ! and all the roofs
Rocked, and the mist of faces on the quay
Heaved, and the anchor dropped, and home was
home.

Thou knowest how, that moment looking back,
We saw a lean hull creeping past the bar—
The *Pinta* !—never spoken since the Azores !
And Pinzon—traitor, by an hour too late !
Always I pitied him. He had designed
To post to Barcelona with the news :
Now heard the royal mandate, "Never come
But with the Admiral thou shouldst have served."
Whereat he turned him to his native town,
To his own house ; there on the threshold pushed
By wife and children, mounted to his room,
And turned the key, and knew his hour, and died.

But my reward, how came it ?

Proud enough
That hour in Barcelona ; the April sky
Shaken with bells and cannon and flame of flags ;
The cheers, the craning heads, the blossoms thrown

And kerchiefs from the windows fluttering,
Flock after flock, like doves let forth to greet
The dusty golden pageant—Juan first,
The Pilot, with the Standard of Castile :
The slow brown Indians in their feather cloaks
And paint : the seamen bearing fruit and palms,
Parrots and gold-fish, conchs and turtle-shells,
Lizards on poles, lign-aloes, trays of spice,
And gold in calabashes : last of all
The Admiral. So they led me to the throne,
Where she and Ferdinand rose, as to a prince,
And hardly would permit me kiss their hands :
But seated me beside them, bade me tell
All our adventures—rarely smiled the Queen—
“Yea, all,” she said. In the great circle’s hush,
Beneath the canopy of cloth-of-gold,
I found my voice and spake—“Most Catholic
King,
And thou, Star-regent of our enterprise,
Sooner than half were told, this April night
Would shake the planets from her dusky wings
Down-hovering. Yet an hour shall tell enough
To tune all tongues to anthems praising God.”
So for an hour I told the tale ; and twice
Paused : but insistent she commanded “More !”
Leaning with parted lip and kindling cheek,
As might the Carthaginian, had no drought
Of passion parched her dusky throat, have leaned
To Troy’s immortal wanderer. Was it then
Came my reward ?

Not then, nor ever so.

But long years after, when that dream was grey,
And the heart wise, and fellowship was none
(For 'tis the curse of greatness, to outgrow
All friends and from the lone height long for friends,
And falling, find the friends it left all gone),
—Years afterward, when black was favour's torch
And faith took bribes ; when Ferdinand betrayed,
And Bobadilla, High Commissioner,
Foamed at his lunatic height, raged like a beast,
Cast us in chains, shipped us like beeves to Spain—
Then, from the pit of that most brutal fall
A voice commanded "Break his chains ! He shall
In person stand before us, plead his cause."
Carefully then I dressed me as became
The Admiral of the Ocean. Squire and page
And retinue—I did abate no jot
While the purse bled. A prince, and all a prince,
I passed between the sneering chamber crowd.
The whispering abjects of the ante-rooms,
Into the presence : stood there, cold, erect.
"I am Columbus. I have left my chains
Nailed at my bed's head by the crucifix :
And come to know what further, O my King ?"
Then Ferdinand—I saw him bite his lip—
Sat with pink face averted. But the Queen
Rose from her throne, silent—I would have knelt ;
Too late ! She stretched her hands and, silent yet,
Gazed, and the world fell from us, and we wept—
We two, together . . .

Ah, blessed hands ! Ah, blessèd woman's hands—
Stretched to undo irreparable wrong !
Yea, the more blest being all impotent !
A queen's I had not touched : but hers met mine
In humbleness across man's common doom,
In sadness and in wisdom beyond pride.
They are cold beside her now, and cannot stir.
Further than I have travelled she hath fared :
But I shall follow. Soon will come the call :
And I shall grip the tiller once again.
The purple night shall heave upon the floor
Mile after mile ; the dawn invade the stars,
The stars the dawn—how long ? And following
down
The moon's long ripple, I shall hear again
The frigate-bird go whistling—see the flash—
The light on Guanahani ! Salvador !
Let thy Cross flame upon me in that star,
And from that Cross outstretch *her* sainted hands !
My son, they tell me that the Queen is gone.
I trust she rests in glory, free from all
The cares of this rough world. She was my friend :
And I shall find it harder now to treat
With Ferdinand. He fends me off with words.
I thought that last petition ill prepared ;
And have an ampler one ; drawn up and signed
To-day, or yesterday—who knows ? The blinds
Are closed, and no sun moves upon the floor.

THE MASQUER IN THE STREET

MASQUER on the rainy stones,
Jigging, twirling 'neath the rain,
Wherefore shake thine aged bones
To that antique strain?

Limp thy locks and lank and thinned,
Thy grey beard it floats a yard;
And thy coat tails flap i' the wind,
Like a torn placard.

"Hush!" saith he; "there was a House—
From its porch the cressets flared;
Lads in livery called "Carouse!
For thy lust's prepared!"

"Like a snake the prelude wound—
Crash! the merry waltz began:
One unto my mind I found,
And our feet ran.

"Rubies ripped from altar cloths,
Leered adown her silk attire,
Her mad shoes were scarlet moths
In a rose of fire.

"Tropic scents her tresses weaved—
Scents to lay the soul a-swoon;
On her breast the draperies heaved
Like clouds by the moon.

“ Back she bent her throat, her wet
Southern lips, and dared, and dared ;
Over them my kisses met,
While the saxe-horn blared.

“ Crash ! the brassy cymbal smote—
When I would have stayed our feet ;
Laughter rippled all her throat
Like a wind on wheat.

“ Every laugh it left a crease,
Every ripple wrote her old ;
Yet her arms would not release
Nor her feet withhold.

“ Ah to watch it suck and sag—
Rosy flesh had breathed so warm—
Till I twirled a loveless hag
On a tortured arm !

“ Dancers, resting for awhile,
Down the wall with faces white,
Watched us waltzing, mile on mile,
In a horror of light !

“ Masquer on the rainy stones,
What is that thy fingers fold ?
Dead or dying, naught atones,
But I dance and hold.

“Crash ! the maddened cymbals smote—
Are they minutes? Are they years,
Till I hold but dust to my coat,
And a few gold hairs?”

Masquer in the rainy close,
God thee pity and thy bone !
Other men have danced with those,
And now dance alone.

SABINA

THE stair was steep, the Tower was tall ;
Sabina's strength was gone ;
She leaned a hand against the wall
And let her boy run on.

High in the blue the Old Tower swayed,
His bells to the sunset breeze ;
But ever like hemlock climbed the shade
Of earth on his earth-hewn knees.

The Widow watched the red sun's glow
Steal up by the window's edge,
She saw the darkened green below,
And the wan sheep by the hedge.

“Child ! child !” she called, and “Wait for me !”

But even the boy's feet ran ;
And up through the whispering-gallery
Came the voice of her dead man—

“He will not turn for any prayer,
Nor pause for any tear :
The winds of God harp down the stair,
Their pinnacle notes ring clear.”

She said, “My pulse runs low and low :
He has leapt inside of me ;
Blood of my blood, shall he not know
My blood's necessity ?”

The dead man said, “He will not wait.
High in a naked room
A Maiden listens, strong as fate,
And selfish as the tomb.

“Her sisters, as they cross the floor,
Throw glances at the clock ;
Her father fumbles at the door
He knows he may not lock.

“Her mother pins the bridal crown
And pricks her trembling thumbs ;
But the bride has laid her mirror down,
Her small foot drums and drums.

“A minute—hark! Ah, joy, ah, joy
The helpless door falls wide;
The harp of God and the laugh of a boy
Sing aubade to the bride.

“The bride she rises from her chair—
Now never stretch your hands!
The harp, the voice, the climbing stair—
Naught else she understands.

“Follow the harp, take hands and run!
High on the shining leads,
Or ever a midsummer night’s begun
The swallow twitters her orison
By the granite martyr’s heads!”

“Dead man, we too have kissed and climbed,
Inert you moulder there;
And here I fail and flutter, limed
Fast on the middle stair.

“Sure as upon the still-drawn east
The evening arch invades;
Sure as we hold a green earth leased
Briefly between two shades.

They will not reach.”

“But they will run,
And hand in hand admire,

Through loftier panes an ampler sun,
List a diviner choir :

Other horizons, widening slopes—

Yet not a blossom there

But gat its increase from the hopes

We two were used to share !

“Woman, consign you with the years,

Consign and follow me.

What though the sun shine on our tears

If he the rainbow see ?”

The stair was steep, the Tower tall,

Sabina's strength was gone,

She bowed her face unto the wall

And let her boy run on.

THE LEAST OF THESE

“LORD, in Thy courts

Are seats so green bestowed,

As there resorts

Along the dusty road

A cavalcade,—King, Bishop, Knight, and Judge.

As though I toil behind and meanly trudge.

Let me, too, lie upon that pleasant sward,

For I am weary, Lord.

“Christ, at thy board
Be wines and dishes drest
That do afford
Contentment to the best.

As though with Poverty my bed hath been
These many years, and my refreshment lean,
With plenty now at last my soul acquaint,
Dear Master, for I faint.”

But through the grille,
“Where is thy Robe?” said He,
“Would’st eat thy fill,
Yet shirk civility?”

“My Robe, alas! There was a little child
That shivered by the road—” Swiftly God smiled :
“I was that Child,” said He, and raised the pin ;
“Dear friend, enter thou in !”

THE CAPTAIN

THERE is a captain that commands,
And never but to victory :
“The counsel of thine heart it stands,
No man so faithful unto thee.”
Though seven senses watch the wall,
And all thy courage leap at call,
He is thine ark and arsenal,
Thine armour and artillery.

Yea, while the cloakèd sentries tramp
And challenge with a deep "All's well!"
He lists the sappers from the camp,
Encroaching on thy citadel;
Invisible he tries the guns,
And leaning o'er the bastions
Discerns the tented legions,
Earthwork and trench and parallel.

O man! in vain they creep and mine;
Thy ramp remains inviolate:
But if by folly or design
Thou force thy friend to abdicate,
A broken pole, a trodden keep,
The standard of thy soul shall weep,
And all her trophies lie a heap
That owls and satyrs desecrate.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Orion, 1880 ; *In Divers Tones*, 1886 ; *Songs of the Common Day*, 1893 ; *The Book of the Native*, 1896 ; *New York Nocturnes*, 1898—published in Canada or the United States. *The Book of the Rose*, 1904 (R. Brimley Johnson). *Poems collected and revised*, 1903 (Constable).

THE PIPES OF PAN

RINGED with the flocking of hills, within shepherd-
ing watch of Olympus,
Tempe, vale of the gods, lies in green quiet with-
drawn ;
Tempe, vale of the gods, deep-couched amid
woodland and woodland,
Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure
of pools ;
All day drowsed with the sun, charm-drunken with
moonlight at midnight ;

Walled from the world for ever under a vapour of
dreams—

Hid by the shadows of dreams, not found by the
curious footsteps,

Sacred and secret for ever, Tempe, vale of the gods.

How, through the cleft of its bosom, goes sweetly the
water Penëus !

How by Penëus the sward breaks into saffron and
blue !

How the long slope-floored beech glades mount to
the wind-wakened uplands,

Where, through flame-berried ash troop the hooped
centaurs at morn !

Nowhere greens a copse but the eye-beams of
Artemis pierce it,

Breathes no laurel her balm but Phœbus' fingers
caress.

Springs no bed of wild blossom but limbs of dryads
have pressed it ;

Sparkle the nymphs, and the brooks chime with shy
laughter and calls.

Here is a nook ; two rivulets fall to mix with
Penëus,

Loiter a space and sleep, checked and choked by
the reeds.

Long grass waves in the windless water, strown
with the lote-leaf.

Twist through dripping soil great alder roots ; and
the air

Glooms with the dripping tangle of leaf-thick
branches, and stillness

Keeps in the strange-coiled stems ferns, and wet
loving weeds.

Hither comes Pan, to this pregnant earthy spot,
when his piping

Flags ; and his pipes outworn, breaking and casting
away,

Fits new reeds to his mouth with the weird earth-
melody in them,

Piercing, alive with a life able to mix with the
gods.

Then, as he blows, and the searching sequence
delights him, the goat feet

Furtive withdraws ; and a bird stirs and flutes in
the gloom,

Answering. Float with the stream the outworn
pipes and a whisper—

“What the god breathes on, the god never can
wholly evade !”

God-breath lurks in each fragment forever. Dis-
persed by Penëus

Wandering, caught in the ripples, wind-blown
hither and there,

Over the whole green earth and globe of sea they
are scattered,

Coming to secret spots, where in a visible form
Comes not the god, though he come declared in his
workings, and mortals
Straying in cool of morn, or bodeful hasty at eve,
Or in the depths of noonday plunged to shadiest
coverts,
Spy them, and set to their lips ; blow, and fling
them away !

Ay, they fling them away—but never wholly !
Thereafter
Creeps strange fire in their veins, murmur strange
tongues in their brain,
Sweetly evasive ; a secret madness takes them—a
charm-struck,
Passion for woods and wild life, the solitude of the
hills.
Therefore they fly the heedless throngs and traffic
of cities,
Haunt mossed caverns, and wells bubbling ice-cool ;
and their souls
Gather a magical gleam of the secret of life, and
the god's voice
Calls to them, not from afar, teaching them
wonderful things.

DREAM FELLOWS

BEHIND the veil that men call sleep
I came upon a golden land ;
A golden light was in the leaves,
And on the amethystine strand,
Amber and gold and emerald,
The unimaginable wood ;
And in a joy I could not name
Beside the emerald stream I stood.

Down from a violet hill came one
Running to meet me on the shore ;
I clasped his hand ; he seemed to be
One I had long been waiting for.

All the sweet sounds I ever heard
In his low greeting seemed to blend ;
His were the eyes of my true love,
His was the mouth of my true friend.

We spoke, and the transfigured words
Meant more than words had ever meant.
Our lips at last forgot to speak,
For silence was so eloquent.

We floated in the emerald stream ;
We wandered in the wondrous wood ;
His soul to me was clear as light ;
My inmost thoughts he understood.

Only to be was to be glad ;
Life, like a rainbow, filled our eyes ;
In comprehending comradeship
Each moment seemed a Paradise.

And often, in the after years,
I and my dream-fellow were one,
For hours together in that land,
Behind the moon, beyond the sun.

At last in the tumultuous dream
That men call Life, I chanced to be
One day amid the city throng
Where the great piers oppose the sea.

A giant ship was swinging off
For other seas and other skies ;
Amid the voyaging companies
I saw his face, I saw his eyes.

Oh, passionately through the crowd
I thrust, and then—our glances met !
Across the widening gulf we gazed,
With white set lips, and eyes grown wet.

And all day long my heart was faint
With parting pangs and tears unwept,
Till night brought comfort, for he came
To meet me, smiling, when I slept.

Beyond the veil that men call sleep
We met within that golden land.
He said—or I—"we grieved to-day,
But now, more wise, we understand.

"Communing in the common world,
The flesh for us would be a bar ;
Strange would be our familiar speech,
And earth would seem no more a star.

"We'd know no more the golden leaves
Beside the amethystine deep ;
We'd see no more each other's thought
Behind the veil that men call sleep !"

AT TIDE-WATER

THE red and yellow of the Autumn salt-grass,
The grey flats and the yellow-grey full tide,
The lonely stacks, the grave expanse of marshes,—
O Land, wherein my memories abide !
I have come back that you may make me tranquil,
Resting a little at your heart of peace,
Remembering much amid your serious leisure,
Forgetting more amid your large release.
For yours the wisdom of the night and morning,
The word of the inevitable years,
The open heaven's unobscured communion,
And the dim whisper of the wheeling spheres.

The great things and the terrible I bring you,
 To be illumined in your spacious breath—
 Love, and the ashes of desire, and anguish,
 Strange laughter and the unhealing wound of
 death.

These in the world, all these have come upon me,
 Leaving me mute and shaken with surprise.
 Oh, turn them in your measureless contemplation,
 And in their mastery teach me to be wise.

THE WRESTLER

WHEN God sends out his company to travel through
 the stars

There is every kind of wonder in the show ;
 There is every kind of animal behind its prison
 bars,

With riders in a many-coloured row.

The master-showman Time has a strange trick of
 rhyme,

And the clown's most ribald jest is a tear ;
 But the best drawing card is the wrestler huge and
 hard,

Who can fill the tent at any time of year.

His eye is on the crowd, and he beckons with his
 hand,

With authoritative finger, and they come ;

The rules of the game they do not understand,
But they go as in a dream and are dumb.
They would fain say him nay, and they look the
other way,
Till at last to the ropes they cling.
But he throws them one by one till the show for
them is done,
In the blood-red dust of the ring.

There's none to shun his challenge—they must
meet him soon or late,
And he knows a cunning trick for all heels ;
The king's haughty crown drops in jeers from his pate
As the hold closes on him and he reels.
The burly and the proud, the braggarts of the
crowd,
Every one of them he topples down in thunder ;
His grip grows mild for the dotard and the child,
But alike they must all go under.

Oh, many a mighty foeman would try a fall with
him—
Persepolis, and Babylon, and Rome ;
Assyria and Sardis, they see their fame grow dim
As he tumbles in the dust every dome.
At last will come an hour when the stars shall feel
his power,
And he shall have his will upon the Sun.

Ere we know what he's about, the lights will be put
out,
And the wonder of the show will be undone.

RENEWAL

COMRADE of the whispering planets,
Mother of the leaves and rain,
Make me joyous as thy birds are,
Let me be thy child again.

Show me all the troops of heaven
Tethered in a sphere of dew,—
All the dear familiar marvels,
Old, child-hearted singers knew.

Let me laugh with children's laughter,
Breathe with herb and blade and tree,
Learn again forgotten lessons
Of thy grave simplicity.

Take me back to dream and vision
From the prison-house of pain,
Back to fellowship with wonder :
Mother, take me home again.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

The Collected Poems of A. Mary F. Robinson,
1902 (T. Fisher Unwin).

TUSCAN CYPRESS

(SIXTEEN RISPETTI)

I

My mother bore me 'neath the streaming moon,
And all the enchanted light is in my soul ;
I have no place amid the happy noon,
I have no shadow there nor aureole.

Ah, lonely whiteness in a clouded sky,
You are alone, nor less alone am I ;
Ah, moon, that makest all the roses grey,
The roses I behold are wan as they !

II

What good is there. Ah, me, what good in love ?
Since, even if you love me, we must part ;
And since for either, and you cared enough,
There's but division and a broken heart ?

And yet, God knows, to hear you say, My dear !
I would lie down and stretch me on the bier ;
And yet would I, to hear you say, My own !
With mine own hands drag down the burial stone.

III

I love you more than any words can say,
And yet you do not feel I love you so ;
And slowly I am dying day by day,—
You look at me, and yet you do not know.

You look at me, and yet you do not fear ;
You do not see the mourners with the bier ;
You answer when I speak and wish me well,
And still you do not hear the passing bell.

IV

O Love, O Love, come over the sea, come here,
Come back and kiss me once when I am dead !
Come back and lay a rose upon my bier,
Come, light the tapers at my feet and head.

Come back and kiss me once upon the eyes,
So I, being dead, shall dream of Paradise,
Come, kneel beside me once and say a prayer,
So shall my soul be happy anywhere.

V

I sowed the field of love with many seeds,
With many sails I sailed before the blast,
And all my crop is only bitter weeds :
My sails are torn, the winds have split the mast.

All of the winds have torn my sails and shattered,
All of the winds have blown my seed and scattered,
All of the storms have burst on my endeavour,—
So let me sleep at last and sleep for ever.

VI

I am so pale to-night, so mere a ghost,
Ah, what, to-morrow, shall my spirit be ?
No living angel of the heavenly host,
No happy soul, blithe in eternity.

Nay, I shall wander on beneath the moon,
A lonely phantom seeking for you, soon ;
A wandering ghost seeking you timidly,
Whom you will tremble, dear, and start to see !

VII

When I am dead and I am quite forgot,
What care I if my spirit lives or dies ?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise ?

Ah, no ! the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no ! the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live.

VIII

Ah, me ! you well might wait a little while,
And not forget me, sweet, until I die !
I had a home, a little distant isle,
With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.

I had a home ! It was less dear than thou,
And I forgot, as you forget me now,
I had a home, more dear than I could tell,
And I forgot, but now remember well.

IX

Love me to-day and think not on to-morrow !
Come take my hands, and lead me out of
doors,
There in the fields let us forget our sorrow,
Talking of Venice and Ionian shores :—

Talking of all the seas innumerable,
Where we will sail and sing when I am well ;
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,
Which we will plait in wreaths—when I am dead.

X

There is a Siren in the middle sea
Sings all day long and wreathes her pallid hair;
Seven years you sail, and seven, ceaselessly,
From any port ere you adventure there.

Thither we'll go, and thither sail away
Out of the world, to hear the Siren play!
Thither we'll go and hide among her tresses,
Since all the world is savage wildernesses.

XI

Tell me a story, dear, that is not true,
Strange as a vision, full of splendid things;
Here will I lie and dream it is not you,
And dream it is a mocking-bird that sings.

For if I find your voice in any part,
Even the sound of it will break my heart;
For if you speak of us and of our love,
I faint and die to feel the thrill thereof.

XII

Let us forget we loved each other much,
Let us forget we ever had to part;
Let us forget that any look or touch
Once let in either to the other's heart.

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass
And hear the larks and see the swallows pass ;
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

XIII

Far, far away and in the middle sea—
So still I dream, although the dream is vain,—
There lies a valley full of rest for me,
Where I shall live and you shall love again.

Oh, ships that sail, oh, masts against the sky,
Will you not stop awhile in passing by ?
Oh, prayers that hope, oh, faith that never knew
Will you not take me on to heaven with you ?

XIV

Flower of the cypress, little bitter bloom,
You are the only blossom left to gather ;
I never prized you, grown amid the gloom,
But well you last, though all the others wither.

Flower of the cypress, I will bind a crown
Tight round my brows to still these fancies down ;
Flower of the cypress, I will tie a wreath
Tight round my breast to kill the heart beneath.

XV

Ah, Love, I cannot die, I cannot go,
Down in the dark, and leave you all alone !
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
And never shut me underneath a stone.

Dead in the grave ! And I can never hear
If you are ill, or if you miss me, dear ;
Dead, oh ! my God ! and you may need me
yet,
While I shall sleep ; while I—while I—forget.

XVI

Come away, Sorrow ; Sorrow, come away—
Let us go sit in some cool, shadowy place ;
There shall you sing and hush me all the day,
While I will dream about my lover's face.

Hush me, O Sorrow, like a babe to sleep,
Then close the lids above mine eyes that
weep ;
Rock me, O Sorrow, like a babe in pain,
Nor, when I slumber, wake me up again.

TUBEROSES

I

THE Tuberose you left me yesterday
Leans yellowing in the grass we set it in ;
It could not live when you were gone away,
Poor spike of withering sweetness changed and
thin.

And all the fragrance of the dying flower
Is grown too faint and poisoned at the source,
Like passion that survives a guilty hour,
To find its sweetness heavy with remorse.

What shall we do, my dear, with dying roses ?
Shut them in weighty tomes where none will look
—To wonder when the unfrequent page uncloses,
Who shut the withered blossoms in the book ?—

What shall we do, my dear, with things that perish—
Memory, roses, love we feel and cherish ?

II

Alive and white, we praised the Tuberose,
So sweet it filled the garden with its breath,
A spike of waxy bloom that grows and grows,
Until at length it blooms itself to death.

Everything dies that lives—everything dies ;
How shall we keep the flower we loved so long ?
Oh, press to death the transient thing we prize,
Crush it, and shut the elixir in a song.

A song is neither live nor sweet nor white,
It hath no heavenly blossom tall and pure,
No fragrance can it breathe for our delight ;
It grows not, neither lives ; it may endure.

Sweet Tuberose, adieu ! you fade too fast !
Only a dream, only a thought, can last.

III

Who'd stay to muse if Death could never wither ?
Who dream a dream if Passion did not pass ?
But, once deceived, poor mortals, hasten hither
To watch the world in Fancy's magic glass.
Truly your city, O men, hath no abiding !
Built on the sand it crumbles, as it must ;
And as you build, above your praise and chiding,
The columns fall to crush you to the dust.
But fashioned in the mirage of a dream,
Having nor life nor sense, a bubble of nought,
The enchanted City of the Things that seem
Keeps till the end of time the eternal Thought.

Forswear to-day, forswearing joy and sorrow,
Forswear to-day, O man, and take to-morrow.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

The Hermit of Carmel, 1902 (R. Brimley Johnson).

THE RUSTIC AT THE PLAY

OUR youth is like a rustic at the play
That cries aloud in simple-hearted fear,
Curses the villain, shudders at the fray,
And weeps before the maiden's wreathèd bier.

Yet once familiar with the changing show,
He starts no longer at a brandished knife ;
But, his heart chastened at the sight of woe,
Ponders the mirrored sorrows of his life.

So tutored too, I watch the moving art
Of all this magic and impassioned pain
That tells the story of the human heart
In a false instance, such as poets feign.

I smile, and keep within the parchment furled
That prompts the passions of this strutting world.

SOLIPSISM

I COULD believe that I am here alone,
And all the world my dream ;
The passion of the scene is all my own,
And things that seem but seem.

Perchance an exhalation of my sorrow
Hath raised this vaporous show,
For whence but from my soul should all things
borrow
So deep a tinge of woe ?

I keep the secret doubt within my breast
To be the god's defence,
To ease the heart by too much ruth oppressed
And drive the horror hence.

O sorrow that the patient brute should cower
And die, not having sinned !
O pity that the wild and fragile flower
Should shiver in the wind !

Then were I dreaming dreams I know not of,
For that is part of me
That feels the piercing pang of grief and love
And doubts eternally.

But whether all to me the vision come
Or break in many beams,
The pageant ever shifts, and being's sum
Is but the sum of dreams.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

The Magic House, 1893 (Methuen). *New World Lyrics*, 1905 (Moray & Co., Toronto). *Via Borealis*, 1906 (W. Tyrrell & Co.).

THE VOICE AND THE DUSK

THE slender moon and one pale star,
A rose-leaf and a silver bee,
From some god's garden blown afar,
Go down the gold deep tranquilly.

Within the south there rolls and grows
A mighty town with tower and spire ;
From a cloud bastion masked with rose,
The lightning flashes diamond fire.

The purple martin darts about
The purlieus of the iris fen ;
The king-bird rushes up and out,
He screams and whirls and screams again.

A thrush is hidden in a maze
 Of cedar buds and tamarack bloom,
 He throws his rapid flexile phrase,
 A flash of emeralds in the gloom.

A voice is singing from the hill,
 A happy love of long ago ;
 Ah ! tender voice, be still, be still,
 'Tis sometimes better not to know !

The rapture from the amber heights
 Floats tremblingly along the plain,
 Where in the reeds with fairy lights
 The lingering fireflies gleam again.

Buried in dingles more remote
 Or drifted from some ferny rise,
 The swooning of the golden throat
 Drops in the mellow dusk and dies.

A soft wind passes lightly drawn
 A wave leaps silverly and stirs
 The rustling sedge, and then is gone
 Down the black cavern in the firs.

THE SEA BY THE WOOD

I DWELL in the sea that is wild and deep,
 But afar in a shadow still,
 I can see the trees that gather and sleep
 In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face,
 The caves are crystal calm,
 But I wish the sea were a little trace
 Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls,
 Are aweary of smothering gold,
 They would all be air that sweeps and swirls
 In the branches manifold.

They are weary of laving seaman's eyes
 With their passion-prayer unsaid,
 They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs
 And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips,
 Ashen and sere and grey ;
 You can hear the sails of the sunken ships
 Stir and shiver and sway,

In the weary solitude ;
 If mine were the will of God, the main
 Should melt away in the rustling wood
 Like a mist that follows the rain.

But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep,
 And afar in the shadow still ;
 I can see the trees that gather and sleep
 In the wood upon the hill.

THE WOOD BY THE SEA

I DWELL in the wood that is dark and kind
But afar off tolls the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind,
And the roving of the rain.

The shade is dark as a palmer's hood,
The air with balm is bland ;
But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood
Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,
Are aweary of casting shade ;
Wearily smoulder the resin crests
In the pungent gloom of the glade.

Weary are all the birds of sleep,
The nests are weary of wings,
The whole wood yearns to the swaying deep,
The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still,
So still when the dead cones fall,
Near in the vale or away on the hill
You can hear them one and all,

And their falling wearies me ;
If mine were the will of God,—oh, then
The wood should tramp the sounding sea
Like a marching army of men.

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind;
 Afar off tolls the main;
 Afar, far off I hear the wind,
 And the roving of the rain.

AT THE END

I HAVE learned well—a child I have grown by
 knowing;
 I have taught well—I know not why;
 A few have garnered well my careless sowing,
 And one sound kernel fills my granary.

I have fought well—have turned and dared
 disaster;
 I've been well vanquished—and I know not
 why;
 Well have I suffered and called no man master,
 But have wrought sleepless for the mastery.

I have loved well—and that's the best of living;
 I've been well loved—I know not why;
 But, oh, the rapture of the giving!
 And of the taking—the wild ecstasy!

I boast too well, you say, a noisy scandal,
 Vexing the hearing of the scornful gods ;
 But life—yes, life was worth the candle,
 So what's the odds ?

He that cowers now is not the less a varlet ;
 I know I'll brave them well—I know not why !
 Toss me my proudest cloak of green and scarlet.
 Fellows,—old friends,—good-bye.

ARTHUR SYMONS

Poems, collected in Two Volumes, 1902 (Heinemann). The Fool of the World and Other Poems, 1906 (Constable).

THE RETURN

A LITTLE hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door :
“ I pray thee, for the love of God, depart :
Thou shalt come in no more.”

“ Open, for I am weary of the way,
The night is very black.
I have been wandering many a night and day :
Open, I have come back.”

The little hand is knocking patiently ;
I listen, dumb with pain.
“ Wilt thou not open any more to me ?
I have come back again ? ”

"I will not open any more. Depart,
I, that once lived, am dead."
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still, "And I?" she said.

There is no sound save in the winter air
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

THE OLD WOMEN

THEY pass upon their old, tremulous feet,
Creeping with little satchels down the street,
And they remember many years ago,
Passing that way in silks. They wander, slow
And solitary, through the city ways,
And they alone remember those old days
Men have forgotten. In their shaking heads
A dancer of old carnivals yet treads
The measure of past waltzes, and they see
The candles lit again, the patchouli
Sweeten the air, and the warm cloud of musk
Enchant the passing of the passionate dusk.
Then you will see a light begin to creep
Under the earthen eyelids, dimmed with sleep,
And a new tremor, happy and uncouth,
Jerking about the corners of the mouth.
Then the old head drops down again and shakes,
Muttering.

Sometimes, when the swift gaslight wakes
The dreams and fever of the sleepless town,
A shaking, huddled thing in a black gown
Will steal at midnight, carrying with her
Violet little bags of lavender,
Into the tap-rooms full of noisy light ;
Or, at the crowded earlier hour of night,
Sidle with matches, up to some who stand
About a stage door, and, with furtive hand,
Appealing : " I too was a dancer, when
Your fathers would have been young gentlemen ! "
And sometimes, out of some lean ancient throat,
A broken voice, with here and there a note
Of unspoilt crystal, suddenly will arise
Into the night, while a cracked fiddle cries
Pantingly after ; and you know she sings
The passing of light, famous, passing things.
And sometimes, in the hours past midnight, reels
Out of an alley upon staggering heels,
Or into the dark keeping of the stones
About a doorway, a vague thing of bones
And draggled hair.

And all these have been loved.
And not one ruinous body has not moved
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed
The dream that men call love. This is the end
Of much fair flesh ; it is for this you tend

Your delicate bodies many carefu years,
To be the thing of laughter and of tears,
To be this living judgment of the dead,
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

AMENDS TO NATURE

I HAVE loved colours, and not flowers ;
Their motion, not the swallow's wings ;
And wasted more than half my hours
Without the comradeship of things.

How is it, now, that I can see,
With love and wonder and delight,
The children of the hedge and tree,
The little lords of day and night ?

How is it that I see the roads
No longer with usurping eyes,
A twilight meeting-place for toads,
A mid-day mart for butterflies ?

I feel, in every midge that hums,
Life, fugitive and infinite,
And suddenly the world becomes
A part of me and I of it.

JOHN BANNISTER TABB

Poems, 1894 (John Lane). *Lyrics*, 1897
(Copeland Day). *Later Lyrics*, 1902 (John Lane).

CLOVER

LITTLE masters ! hat in hand,
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me—for I long to know—
How in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one ?

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and sunshine, choose for you,
Ere you triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green ?

Can ye—if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed—
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

INTIMATIONS

I KNEW the flowers had dreamed of you,
And hailed the morning with regret ;
For all their faces with the dew
Of vanished joy were wet.

I knew the winds had passed your way,
Though not a sound the truth betrayed ;
About their pinions all the day
A summer fragrance stayed.

And so, awaking or asleep,
A memory of lost delight,
By day the sightless breezes keep,
And silent flowers by night.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

THE day—of sorrows pitiless—
Proclaims “He is not here”;
But never hath the tenderness
Of night denied thee near.

Nay, with the twilight sympathy
Returning from afar,
She wakes again for memory
The dawn-extinguished star.

THE REAPER

TELL me whither, maiden June,
Down the dusky slope of noon,
With thy sickle of a moon,
Goest thou to reap?

Fields of fancy by the stream
Of night in silvery silence gleam,
Of heaps with many a harvest dream,
The granary of sleep.

COMMUNION

ONCE when my heart was passion free
To learn of things divine,
The soul of nature suddenly
Outpoured itself in mine.

I held the secrets of the deep
And of the heavens above ;
I knew the harmonies of sleep,
The mysteries of love.

And for a moment's interval
The earth, the sky, the sea—
My soul encompassed each and all,
As now they compass me.

To one in all, to all in one,
Since Love the work began—
Life's ever widening circles run,
Revealing God and man.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

Poems, 1904 (John Lane).

THE KNIGHTS TO CHRYSOLA

WE crazed for you, aspired and fell for you ;
Over us trod Desire, with feet of fire.
Ah ! the sad stories we would tell for you,
Full of dark nights and sighing
While—you were dying
Chrysola !

Roundels and all rich rimes we rang for you ;
How from the plangent lyre pled our Desire !
But the musicians vainly sang for you ;—
Through the dear music, crying
That—you were dying,
Chrysola !

High on the golden throne love wrought for you
With eyes enthralled of rest, tired of our best ;

You sat unheeding while we fought for you
 Glaive unto glaive replying ;
 For—you were dying,
 Chrysola !

Frenzied from out the jousts we came to you ;
 “Can we love more, Dream-fast? Crown, then,
 at last.”
 But love and hate were one dim flame to you ;
 Strange things you smiled us—dying,
 Oh ! You were dying,
 Chrysola !

Great spoils of frankincense we burned for you,
 Round your death-chamber proud—then cursed
 aloud
 Christian or Pagan god that yearned for you,
 Till you were undenying.—
 O Dream undying,
 Chrysola !

THE HOSTEL OF SLEEP

’Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in !
 Are ye spent and bleeding and shamed and cold ?
 Have they wronged you, Scholar?—Fair young
 knight,

236 RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

Are you quite despoiled of your arms of gold ?
Here is a mazer-cup for you,
And a great kind bed in the Chamber Blue.

'Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in !
Ah ! There was many an ambush set !
Lover and foe they have hurt you sore.
Lover and foe shall you now forget,
For the moons and poppies woven through
The arras rare of the Chamber Blue.

'Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in !
Passionate Pilgrim, swooning-pale,
Loose the fardel and kiss the cup,
For here is the end of every tale.
Only the things of peace are true.
There is fire on the hearth of the Chamber Blue.

'Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in !
Strong it is like an olden keep ;
The Sign of the Star is over all,
With the Water of Dreams it is moated deep :
And the Host himself will warden you
As you lie at rest in the Chamber Blue.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Poems, 1892 (Elkin Matthews and John Lane).
Sister Songs, 1895 (John Lane). *New Poems*,
1897 (Constable).

FROM THE NIGHT OF FOREBEING

AN ODE AFTER EASTER

“In the chaos of preordination, and night of our fore-beings.”—Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

CAST wide the folding doorways of the East,
For now is light increased !
And the wind-besomed chambers of the air,
See they be garnished fair ;
And look the ways exhale some precious odours,
And set ye all about wild-breathing spice,
Most fit for Paradise.
Now is no time for sober gravity,
Season enough has Nature to be wise ;
But now discinct, with raiment glittering free,
Shake she the ringing rafters of the skies
With festal footing and bold joyance sweet,

And let the earth be drunken and carouse !
For, lo ! into her house
Spring is come home with her world-wandering feet,
And all things are made young with young desires ;
And all for her is light increased
In yellow stars and yellow daffodils,
And east to west, and west to east,
Fling answering welcome fires,
By dawn and day-fall, on the jocund hills.
And ye, winged minstrels of her fair meinie,
Being newly coated in glad livery,
Upon her steps attend,
And round her treading dance and without end
Reel you shrill lutany.
What popular breath her coming does out-tell
The garrulous leaves among !
What little noises stir and pass
From blade to blade along the voluble grass !
O Nature, never-done
Ungaped at Pentecostal miracle,
We hear thee, each man in his proper tongue !
Break, elemental children, break ye loose
From the strict frosty rule
Of grey-beard Winter's school.
Vault, O young winds, vault in your tricksome
courses
Upon the snowy steeds that reinless use
In coerule pampas of the heaven to run ;
Foaled of the white sea-horses,
Washed in the lambent waters of the sun.

Let even the slug-abed snail upon the thorn
Put forth a conscious horn !
Mine elemental co-mates, joy each one ;
And, ah ! my foster-brethren, seem not sad—
No, seem not sad,
That my strange heart and I should be so little
glad.

Suffer me at your leafy feast
To sit apart, a somewhat alien guest,
And watch your mirth,
Unsharing in the liberal laugh of earth ;
Yet with a sympathy,
Begot of wholly sad and half-sweet memory—
The little sweetness making grief complete ;
Faint wind of wings from hours that distant beat,
When I, I too,
Was once, O wild companions, as are you,
Ran with such wilful feet.
Wraith of a recent day and dead,
Risen wanly overhead,
Frail, strengthless as a noon-belated moon,
Or as the glazing eye of watery heaven,
When the sick night sinks into deadly swoon.

A higher and a solemn voice
I heard through your gay-hearted noise ;
A solemn meaning and a stiller voice
Sounds to me from far days when I too shall rejoice,
Nor more be with your jollity at strife.

O prophecy
Of things that are, and are not, and shall be !
The great-vanned Angel March
Hath trumpeted
His clangorous "sleep no more" to all the dead—
Beat his strong vans o'er earth, and air and sea.
And they have heard ;
Hark to the *Jubilate* of the bird
For them that found the dying way to life !
And they have heard,
And quicken at the great precursive word ;
Green spray showers lightly down the cascade of
the larch ;
The graves are riven,
And the sun comes with power amid the clouds of
heaven !
Before his way
Went forth the trumpet of the March ;
Before his way, before his way,
Dances the pennon of the May.
O earth, unchilded, widowed earth, so long
Lifting in patient pine and ivy-tree
Mournful belief and patient prophecy,
Behold how all things are made true !
Behold your bridegroom cometh in to you,
Exceeding glad and strong.
Raise up your eyes, O raise your eyes abroad !
No more shall you sit sole and vidual,
Searching in servile pall,
Upon the hieratic night the star-sealed sense of all :

Rejoice, O barren, and look forth abroad !
Your children gathered back to your embrace ;
See with a mother's face.
Look up, O mortals, and the portent heed ;
In very deed,
Washed with new fire to their irradiant birth,
Reintegrated are the heaven and earth !
From sky to sod !
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

O imagery
Of that which was the first and is the last !
For as the dark, profound nativity,
God saw the end should be,
When the world's infant horoscope He cast.
Unshackled from the bright Phœbean awe,
In leaf, flower, mould, and tree,
Resolved into dividual liberty,
Most strengthless, unparticipant, inane,
Or suffered the ill peace of lethargy,
Lo, the Earth eased of rule :
Unsummered, granted to her own worst smart
The dear wish of the fool—
Disintegration merely whirls man's heart,
For freedom understands,
Amid the frog-like error from the damp
And quaking swamp
Of the low popular levels spawned in all the lands.
But thou, O Earth, dost much disdain

The bondage of thy waste and futile reign,
And sweetly to the great compulsion draw
Of God's alone true-manumitting law,
And Freedom, only which the wise intend,
To work thine innate end.
Over thy vacant counterfeit of death
Broods, with soft urgent breath,
Love, that is child of Beauty and of Awe ;
To intercleavage of sharp warring pain,
As of contending chaos come again,
Thou wak'st, O Earth,
And work'st from change to change and birth to
birth,
Creation old as hope, and new as sight ;
For meed of toil not vain,
Hearing once more the primal fiat toll—
"Let there be light,"
And there is light !
Light flagrant, manifest ;
Light to the zenith, light from pole to pole ;
Light from the east that waxeth to the west,
And with its puissant goings forth
Encroaches on the South and on the North ;
And with its great approaches does prevail
Upon the sullen fastness of the height,
And summoning its levied power,
Crescent and confident through the crescent hour,
Goes down with laughter on the subject vale.
Light flagrant, manifest ;
Light to the sentient closeness of the breast,

Light to the secret chambers of the brain !
And thou upfloatest, warm, and newly bathed,
Earth, through delicious air,
And with thine own apparent beauties swathed
Wringing the waters from thine arborous hair ;
That all men's hearts which do behold and see,
Grow weak with their exceeding much desire,
And turn to thee on fire,
Enamoured with their utter wish of thee,
Anadyomene !
What vine-outquickenng life all creatures sup,
Feel, for the air within its sapphire cup
How it does leap and twinkle headily !
Feel, for earth's bosom pants, and heaves her
scarfing sea ;
And round and round in bacchanal rout reel the
swift spheres intemperably !

My little-worlded self ! the shadows pass
In this thy sister-world, as in a glass,
Of all processions that revolve in thee :
Not only of cyclic Man
Thou here discern'st the plan,
Not only cyclic Man, but of the cyclic Me.
Not solely of Mortality's great years
The reflex just appears,
But thine own bosom's years, still circling round
In ample and in ampler gyre
Toward the far completion, wherewith crowned,

Love unconsumed shall chant in his own furnace fire.
How many trampled and deciduous joys
Enrich thy soul for joys deciduous still,
Before the distance shall fulfil
Cyclic unrest with solemn equipoise !
Happiness is the Shadow of things past !
Which fools still take for that which is to be !
And not all foolishly :
For all the past, read true is prophecy,
And all the first are hauntings of some last,
And all the springs are first-lights of one spring,
Then leaf, and flower, and faultless fruit
Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough ;
And silence shall be Music mute
For her surchargèd heart. Hush, thou !
These things are far too sure that thou should'st
dream
Thereof, lest they appear as things that seem.

Shade within shade ! for deeper in the glass
Now other imaged meanings pass ;
And as the man, the poet there is read.
Winter with me, alack !
Winter on every hand I find :
Soul, brain, and pulses dead ;
The mind no further by the warm sense fed,
The soul weak-stirring in the arid mind,
More tearless-weak to flash itself abroad
Than the earth's life beneath the frost-scorched sod.

My lips have drought, and crack,
By laving music long unvisited.
Beneath the austere and macerating rime
Draws back, constricted in its icy urns,
The genial flame of Earth, and there
With torment and with tension does prepare
The lush disclosures of the vernal time.
All joys draw inward to their icy urns,
Tormented by constraining rime,
And there
With undelight and throe prepare
The bounteous efflux of the vernal time.
Nor less beneath compulsive Law
Rebukèd draw
The numbèd musics back upon my heart ;
Whose yet triumphant course I know,
And prevalent pulses forth shall start,
Like cataracts that with thunderous hoof charge
the disbanding snow.

All power is bound
In quickening refusal so ;
And silence is the liar of sound,
In act its impulse to deliver,
With fluctuance and quiver
The endeavouring show grows rigid ;
Strong
From its retracted coil strikes the resilient
song.

Giver of spring,
And song, and every young new thing !
Thou only seest in me, so stripped and bare,
The lyric secret waiting to be born.
The patient term allowed
Before it stretch and flutteringly unfold
Its rumbled webs of amethyst-freaked, diaphanous
gold.

And what hard task abstracts me from delight,
Filling with hopeless hope and dear despair
The still-born day and parchèd fields of night,
That my old way of song, no longer fair,
For lack of serene care,
Is grown a strong and a weed-choked plot,
Thou only know'st aright ;
Thou only know'st, for I know not,
How many songs must die that this may live !
And shall this most rash hope and fugitive,
Fulfilled with beauty and with might
In days whose feet are rumourous on the air,
Make me forget to grieve
For songs which might have been, nor ever were ?
Stern the denial, the travail slow,
The struggling wall will scanty grow :
And though with that dread rite of sacrifice
Ordained for during edifice,
How long, how long ago !
Into that wall which will not thrive
I build myself alive,
Ah, who shall tell me, will the wall uprise ?

Thou wilt not tell me, who dost only know !
Yet still in mind I keep,
He which observes the wind shall hardly sow,
He which regards the clouds shall hardly reap.
Thine ancient way ! I give,
Nor wit if I receive ;
Risk all, who all would gain : and blindly. Be it so.
“ And blindly,” said I ?—No !
That saying I unsay : the wings
Here I not in prævenient winnowings
Of coming songs, that lift my hair and stir it ?
What winds with music wet do the sweet storm
foreshow !
Utter stagnation
Is the solstitial slumber of the spirit,
The blear and blank negation of all life :
But these sharp questionings mean strife, and strife
Is the negation of negation.
The thing from which I turn my troubled look,
Fearing the gods’ rebuke ;
That perturbation putting glory on,
As is the golden vortex in the west
Over the foundered sun ;
That—but low breathe it lest the Nemesis
Unchild me, vaunting this—
Is bliss, the hid, hugged, swaddled bliss !
O youngling Joy carest !
That now on my first mothered breast
Pliest the strange wonder of thine infant lip,
What this aghast surprise of keenest panging,

Wherefrom I blench, and cry thy soft mouth rest ?
Ah, hold, withhold, and let the sweet mouth slip !
So, with such pain, recoils the woolly dam,
Unused, affrighted, from her yearling lamb :
I, one with her in cruel fellowship,
Marvel what unmaternal thing I am.

Nature, enough ! within thy glass
Too many and too stern the shadows pass.
In this delightful season, flaming
For thy resurrection-feast,
Ah, more I think the long ensepulture cold,
Than stormy winter rolled
From the unsealed mouth of the holy East ;
The snowdrop's saintly stoles less heed
Than the snow-cloistered penance of the seed.
'Tis the weak flesh reclaiming
Against the ordinance
Which yet for just the accepting spirit scans.
Earth waits, and patient heaven,
Self-bonded God doth wait
Thrice promulgated bans
Of his fair nuptial-date.
And power is man's
With that great word of "wait,"
To still the sea of tears,
And shake the iron heart of Fate.
In that one word is strong
An else, alas ! much-mortal song ;

With sight to pass the frontier of all spheres,
And voice which does my sight such wrong.

Not without fortitude I wait
The dark, majesticalsuit
Of destiny, nor peevish rate
Calm-knowledged Fate.
I, that no part have in the time's bragged way,
And its loud bruit ;
I, in this house so rifted, marred,
So ill to live in, hard to leave ;
I, so star-weary, over-warred,
That have no joy in this your day—
Rather foul fume englutting, that of day
Confounds all ray—
But only stand aside and grieve ;
I yet have sight beyond the smoke,
And kiss the god's feet, though they wreak
Upon me stroke and again stroke ;
And this my seeing is not weak,
The Woman I behold, whose vision seeks
All eyes and know not ; t'ward whom climb
The steps o' the world, and beats all wing of rhyme,
And knows not ; 'twixt the sun and moon,
Her inexpressible front enstarred,
Tempers the wrangling spheres to tune ;
Their divergent harmonies
Concluded in the concord of her eyes,
And vestal dances of her glad regard.

I see, which fretteth with surmise
Much heads grown unsagacious-grey,
The slow aim of wise-hearted Time,
Which folded cycles within cycles' cloak :
We pass, we pass, we pass ; this does not pass away,
But holds the furrowing earth still harnessed to its
yoke.

The stars still write their golden purposes
On heaven's high palimpsest, and no man sees,
Nor any therein Daniel ; I do hear
From the revolving year
A voice which cries :

“ All dies ;

Lo, how all dies ! O seer,

And all things too arise :

All dies, and all is born ;

But each resurgent morn, behold, more near the
Perfect Morn.”

Firm is the man, and set beyond the cast
Of Fortune's game, and the iniquitous hour,
Whose falcon soul sits fast,
And not intends her high sagacious tour,
Or ere the quarry sighted ; who looks past
To slow much sweet from little instant sour,
And in the first does always see the last.

HERBERT TRENCH

Deirdre Wed and Other Poems, 1901 (Methuen).
New Poems, 1907 (Methuen).

A CHARGE

IF thou hast squandered years to grave a gem,
Commission'd by thine absent lord, and while
'Tis incomplete,
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them,
Dismiss them to the street.

Should'st thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—
Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
And every spectre mutters up more dire
To snatch control,

And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—
Then, to the helm, O Soul !

Lost ; if upon the cold green-mantling sea
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last span,
Both castaway,
And one must perish—let it not be he
Whom thou art sworn to obey !

MAURYA'S SONG

RUSHES that grow by the black water,
When will I see you more ?
When will the sorrowful heart forget you,
Land of the green, green shore ?
When will the field and the small cabin
See us more
In the old country ?

What is to me all the gold yonder ?
She that bore me is gone.
Knees that dandled and hands that blessed me
Colder than any stone.
Stranger to me than the face of strangers
Are my own
In the old country.

Vein o' my heart, from the lone mountain
The smoke of the turf will die,
And the stream that sang to the young childer
Run down alone from the sky ;
On the door-stone, grass—and the cloud lying
Where they lie
In the old country.

SHE COMES NOT WHEN NOON IS ON
THE ROSES

SHE comes not when Noon is on the roses—
Too bright is Day ;
She comes not to the sail till it reposes
From work and play.

But when night is on the hills, and the great Voices
Roll in from sea,
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
She comes to me.

E. S. TYLEE

Trumpet and Flag, 1906 (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

EDEN GARDEN

THERE'S a dream that comes when daylight's dying,
And the noisy craws are homeward flying,
When the tears and toils of day are ended,
The maids abed and the cattle tended,
And I watch the fields grow dim and dimmer
In summer sunset's fading glimmer.

And there in the dust I smoke and ponder,
Till forth on the wings of my dream I wander,
Sines as some gentle sperrit bore me
To where my child has gone before me.
Full forty years their tale have written
On my brow, by sin and sorrow smitten ;
But her white soul hath won my pardon
And opened the gates of Eden Garden.

Oh, Eden Garden's all a-flower,
By angels made for a children's bower ;
And our little lost ones go thither,
Flowers of the spring that bloom and wither !
Smiling they go, with happy faces,
For there's no more death in those vain places ;
No more weeping and no more crying,
For summer over and sweet things dying.

And there the childless women waken,
The maids unloved, and the maids forsaken ;
The buds that never come to blossom,
The empty lap and the barren bosom.
For there the Lord o' the place hath set them
Among the babies to kiss and pet them.
Their hearts are light, they call to each other ;
And every one is a happy mother.

Droo' Eden Garden I go straying,
All in the midst o' the pretty playing,
And I'm lost among a world o' children :
They pull me, they tug me, 'tis fair bewilderin',
Till sudden I hear my Janey's laughter.
Bird alone ! but a cry comes after.
Oh ! my hungry arms are wide and ready,
But she sees me first, and springs to her Daddy.

WILLIAM WATSON

The Prince's Quest. The Collected Poems of William Watson, 1899. The Poems of William Watson, with an Introduction by J. A. Spender, 1905 (John Lane).

BEETHOVEN

O MASTER, if immortals suffer aught
Of sadness like to ours, and in like sighs,
And with like overflow of darkened eyes
Disburden them, I know not ; but methought
What time to-day mine ear the utterance caught,
Whereby in manifold, mysterious wise
Thy heart's unrestful infelicities
Rose like a sea with easeless winds distraught,
That thine seemed angel's grieving, as of one
Strayed somewhere out of heaven, and uttering
Lone moan and alien wail, because he hath
Failed to remember the remounting path,
And singing, weeping, can but weep and sing
Ever, through vasts forgotten of the sun.

AUTUMN

THOU burden of all songs the earth hath sung,
Thou retrospect in Time's averted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young
And therefore blest and wise—
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendour, strange and full of fear!
In vain her pageant shall the summer rear?
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.

Ah, ghostly as remembered mirth, the tale
Of summer's bloom, the legend of the spring!
And thou, too, flutterest an impatient wing,
Thou presence yet more fugitive and frail,
Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is his going hence.
And passage and departure all thy theme,
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou, at height of thy magnificence,
A figment and a dream.

Stilled is the virgin rapture that was June,
And cold is August's panting heart of fire;
And in the storm-dismantled forest choir,
For thine own elegy thy winds attune

Their wild and wizard lyre.
And poignant grows the charm of thy decay,
The pathos of thy beauty and the sting,
Thou parable of greatness vanishing !
For me, thy woods of gold and skies of grey
With speech fantastic ring.

For me, to dreams resigned, there come and go,
'Twixt mountains draped and hooded night
and morn,
Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn ;
And spectral seem thy winter-boding trees,
Thy ruinous bowers and drifted foliage wet ;
O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes,
And soul of all regret !

THE KNELL OF CHIVALRY

FROM "THE PURPLE EAST"

O VANISHED morn of crimson and of gold,
O youth and roselight and romance, wherein
I read of paynim and of paladin,
And Beauty snatched from ogre's dungeoned hold !

Ever the recreant, then, in dust was rolled,
Ever the true knight in the joust did win,
Ever the scaly shape of monstrous sin
At last lay vanquished, fold on writhing fold.

Was it all false that world of princely deeds,
The splendid guest, the good fight ringing clear?
Yonder the Dragon ramps with fiery gorge,
Yonder the victim faints and gasps and bleeds ;
But in his merry England our Saint George
Sleeps a base sleep beside his idle spear.

THE AWAKENING

BEHOLD, she is risen who lay asleep so long,
Our England, our Beloved ! We have seen
The swelling of the waters, we have heard
The thundering cataracts call. Behold, she is risen,
Lovelier in resurrection than the face
Of vale or mountain, when, with storming tears
At all earth's portals knocks the importunate spring.
We watched her sleeping, day and night we strove
With the dread spell that drowsed her heart ; and
thrice

In the unrest of her sick dreams she stirred,
Half raised herself, half oped her lips and lids,
And thrice the evil charm prevailed, and thrice

She fell back forceless. But, behold, she is risen,
The Hope of the World is risen, is risen anew.

O England ! O Beloved ! O Reborn !
Look that thou fall not upon sleep again !
Thou art a star among the nations yet :
Be thou a light of succour unto them
That else art lost in blind and whelming seas.
Around them is the tempest ; over them,
Cold splendours of the inhospitable night,
Augustly unregardful : thou alone
Art still the North Star to the labouring ship,
In friendless ocean the befriending orb,
And if thou shine not, whither is she steered ?
Shine in thy glory, shine on her despair,
Shine lest she perish—lest of her no more
Than some lorn flotsam of mortality
Remain to catch the first auroral gleam
When, in the East, flames the reluctant dawn.

EPIGRAMS

I

BYRON THE VOLUPTUARY

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.
Only the odour of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces, hungering for her face.

II

TOILING and yearning, 'tis man's doom to see
No perfect creature fashioned of his hands ;
Insulted by a flower's immaculacy,
And mocked at by the flawless stars he stands.

III

THE beasts in field are glad, and have not wit
To know why leapt their hearts when spring-time
shone.
Man looks at his own bliss, considers it,
Weighs it with curious fingers, and—'tis gone.

IV

IMMURED in sense, with fivefold bonds confined,
Rest we content if whispers from the stars,
In waftings of the incalculable wind,
Come blown at midnight through our prison bars.

MARGARET L. WOODS

Lyrics, 1888 (Daniel, Oxford). *Lyrics and Ballads*, 1889 (Bentley). *Songs*, 1896 (Daniel, Oxford). *Aëromancy and other Poems*, 1896. One of Elkin Matthews' Shilling Garland Series.

"AGAIN I SAW ANOTHER FACE . . .

I DREAMED a dream within a dream,
An angel cinctured with the gleam
Of topaz and of chrysoprase,
And circled with the lambent rays
That lightened from his sheathless sword,
Leapt into heaven's deserted ways,
And cried, "The message of the Lord."

Then suddenly the earth was white
With faces turned towards his light ;
The nation's pale expectancy
Sobbed far beneath him like the sea ;
But men exulted in their dread,

And, drunken with an awful glee,
Beat at the portals of their dead.

I saw this monstrous grave the earth
Shake with a spasm as though of birth,
And shudder with a sullen sound
As though the dead stirred in the ground.

And that great angel, girt with flame,
Cried till the heavens were rent around,
“Come forth, ye dead!”—yet no man came.

Then there was silence overhead :
But far below the ancient dead
Muttered as if in mockery ;
And there was darkness in the sky,
And rolling through the realm of death,
Laughter and some obscure reply,
With tongue that none interpreteth.

Ay, laugh ye undeluded dead !
The wrathful vintagers that tread
The winepress of the world ye know,
How often shall your graves below
Rock to the thunder of their feet ?
The angels of the whirlwind sow
Fierce seed the children take for wheat ?

O seed of blood ! O seed of tears,
Thick sown through all our human years !
What harvest do the days return ?
New thorns to break, new tares to burn,
New angels sent on earth to reap.
This is the recompense we earn—
Lie still, ye dead, lie still and sleep.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

The Bird Bride, 1889 (Longmans). *A Summer Night*, 1891 (Methuen). *Vespertilia*, 1895 (John Lane). *After Sunset*, 1904 (John Lane).

BALLADE OF THE BOURNE

WHAT goal remains for pilgrim feet
Now all our gods are banished ?
Afar, where sea and sunrise meet,
Tall portals bathed in gold and red,
From either door a carven head
Smiles down on men full drowsily,
'Mid mystic forms of wings outspread
Between the Gates of Ivory.

Now, if beyond lie town or street
I know not nor hath any said,
Though tongues wag fast and winds are fleet ;
Some say that there men meet the dead,

Or filmy phantoms in their stead,
 And some "It leads to Arcady";
 In sooth I know not, yet would tread
 Between the Gates of Ivory.

For surely there sounds music sweet
 With fair delights and perfumes shed,
 And all things broken made complete,
 And found again things forfeited;
 All this for him who, scorning dread,
 Shall read the wreathen fantasy,
 And pass where no base soul had sped
 Between the Gates of Ivory.

ENVOY

Ah, Princess! grasp the Golden Thread,
 Rise up and follow fearlessly,
 By high desire and longing led
 Between the Gates of Ivory.

THE CHILD ALONE

THEY say the night has fallen chill,
 But I know naught of mist or rain,
 Only of two small hands that still
 Beat on the darkness all in vain.

They say the wind blows high and wild
 Down the long valleys to the sea ;
 But I can only hear the child,
 Who weeps in darkness, wanting me.

Beyond the footfalls in the street,
 Above the voices of the bay,
 I hear the sound of little feet,
 Two little stumbling feet astray.

Oh, loud the Autumn wind makes moan,
 The desolate wind about my door,
 And a little child goes all alone
 Who never was alone before.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

The Wanderings of Oisín, 1889 (Kegan Paul).
The Wind among the Reeds, 1899 (Elkin Matthews).
Poems, 1895 ; *Poems*, 1899 (Fisher Unwin). *The Shadowy Waters*, 1900 (Hodder & Stoughton).
Mr Yeats has revised and republished most of his poetry. Many of his dramas are in verse.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled,

And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crown of stars.

THE EVERLASTING VOICES

O SWEET, everlasting voices, be still ;
Go to the guards of the heavenly fold
And bid them wander, obeying your will,
Flame under flame, till Time be no more ;
Have you not heard that our hearts are old,
That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,
In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore ?
O sweet, everlasting Voices, be still.

AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

HAD I the heaven's embroidered cloths
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet :
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;
I have spread my dreams under your feet :
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

DREAM OF A BLESSED SPIRIT

ALL the heavy days are over ;
Leave the body's coloured pride
Underneath the grass and clover,
With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty ;
Bear the gold-embroidered dress,
For she needs not her sad beauty,
To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary,
The long hair shadows her face ;
Still she goes with footsteps wary,
Full of earth's old timid grace !

With white feet of angels seven
Her white feet go glimmering ;
And above the deep of heaven,
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

THE SORROW OF LOVE

THE quarrel of the sparrows in the eaves,
The full round moon and the star-laden sky,
And the loud song of the ever-singing leaves,
Had hid away earth's old and weary cry.

And then you came with those red mournful lips,
 And with you came the whole of the world's
 tears,
 And all the trouble of her labouring ships,
 And all the trouble of her myriad years.

And now the sparrows warring in the eaves,
 The curd-pale moon, the white stars in the sky,
 And the loud chanting of the unquiet leaves,
 Are shaken with earth's old and weary cry.

THE CAP AND BELLS

THE jester walked in the garden :
 The garden had fallen still ;
 He bade his soul rise upward
 And stand on her window-sill.

It rose in a straight blue garment,
 When owls began to call ;
 It had grown wise-tongued by thinking
 Of a quiet and light footfall ;

But the young queen would not listen ;
 She rose in her pale night-gown ;
 She drew in the heavy casement
 And pushed the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,
When the owls called out no more ;
In a red and quivering garment,
It sang to her through the door.

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming
Of a flutter of flower-like hair ;
But she took up her fan from the table
And waved it off on the air.

“I have cap and bells,” he pondered,
“I will send them to her and die ;”
And when the morning whitened
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom,
Under a cloud of her hair,
And her red lips sang them a love-song :
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,
And the heart and the soul came through,
To her right hand came the red one,
To her left hand came the blue.

They set up a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet,
And her hair was a folded flower,
And the quiet of love in her feet.

THE HOSTING OF THE SIDHE

THE host is riding from Knockarea
 And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare ;
 Caolte tossing his burning hair,
 And Niamh calling : *Away, come away :*
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart ;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand—
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
 The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
 And where is there hope or deed as fair ?
 Caolte tossing his burning hair,
 And Niamh calling ?—*Away, come away.*

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